

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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REMARKABLE SEARCH FOR A RAT

See
Page
Seven

CRUSOE AFLOAT

Thrilling Adventure
of an Airman

EIGHT DAYS AND NIGHTS ON A FLOATING ISLAND

One of the most extraordinary escapes in the history of flying is that of a Polish airman who was on his way from America to Europe.

Water, nothing but water, as far as the eye can see; nothing to watch but the Sun by day and the stars by night: for eight days this was all that was seen by Mr Stanley Hausner, who had set out from New Jersey in an attempt to fly to Poland, his native land.

His red Bellanca monoplane carried fuel for a flight of 50 hours, but something happened to his machine, and little more than seven hours after he began his flight he was forced down to the sea. Luckily his petrol tanks had special valves, and having no further use for the petrol he was able to release it as he came down. The tanks then acted as buoys and kept the machine afloat.

Anxiety and Hunger

Then followed eight days and eight nights of anxiety and hunger, for Mr Hausner had only with him six sandwiches, some chocolate, two oranges, two apples, a quart of coffee, and a quart of water. He was able to drink the water from his radiator, however. Then, when all must have seemed hopeless, he saw a ship. Would the people on the ship see him? There must have been moments of terrible doubt.

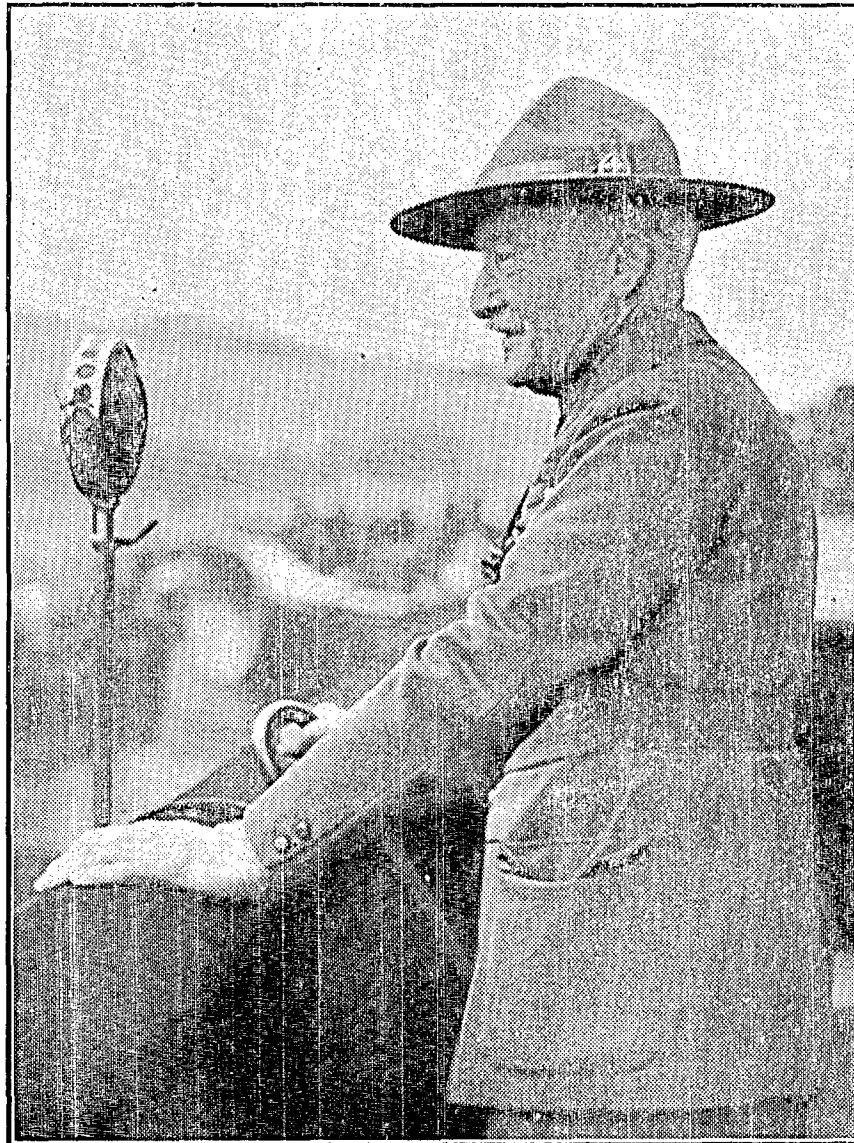
He was seen, and the vessel made toward his floating plane. A small boat put out and took the exhausted airman back to the ship, the British vessel *Circe Shell*. Then the wireless flashed out and the world soon heard of the rescue of this modern Crusoe from his little floating island. And this is how the airman's wife heard the glad news, while listening-in at the house of a friend. The rescue took place about 550 miles off the coast of Portugal, so the plane must have drifted considerably.

Last Sight of the Plane

As night was falling quickly it was impossible for the rescuing ship to take the plane on board; when last seen from the deck it was drifting south-east at a speed of one knot.

The Atlantic has claimed many victims from those who have set out to fly over it, but a few have been rescued after floating with their machines. The very first attempt to make a non-stop crossing ended in this way. Mr Hawker and Commander Mackenzie-Grieve had to alight on the water about halfway across. They were adrift for a short time and were then picked up by a Danish steamer. As the ship had no wireless, however, it was a further six days before their rescue was reported.

The Chief Speaks



This happy picture shows B-P on the occasion of a rally of Scouts. With the aid of a microphone and loud-speakers all the boys were able to hear the Chief Scout.

THE STORY OF JIX AND PIX

EVERYBODY who knew him will miss Jix, as all the world called Lord Brentford. No more popular man has ever made our public life more enjoyable.

There is one little story of him that has never been told. Here it is.

It was during the war, when Jix promised to go down to Stepney to speak at a public meeting. Another man had promised to go, too, but Jix was busy and had no time to join the rest of the folk at dinner with the Bishop, who was to take the chair. The other man went to the dinner, and when it was over he went with the Bishop to the meeting-place, and there they met Jix. It was time for the meeting to begin, and there was only a minute for an introduction; but in that minute it seemed that Jix was much interested when the Bishop introduced the other man, whom we will call Pix. He was interested because the other man had written a little book which was selling in hundreds of thousands. It was a Crusader's book on the subject about

which Jix had come to speak, and when the Bishop called on him as the chief speaker at the meeting he explained that since he came into the hall he had had a great surprise, for he had been reading this book and the passion of it had seized him. He could not help speaking about it; he wanted everyone to read it; and he had come there to speak of nothing else, to read them pages from it, and to pass on its burning message.

And now, lo and behold, said he, here he was making his speech from this book with the writer of the book beside him. He hoped Pix would not mind, but he could do no other.

Again and again Jix turned to Pix with 'an apology' as he was speaking; but Pix, of course, was delighted, and when he rose to speak the meeting was quite warm for him, for Jix had been so kind to Pix that all was more than well.

But Pix somehow has always felt that Jix was not quite happy in taking his speech from Pix's book with Pix across the table.

A DOOMED HOUSE

20 Years Before It Is
Drowned

ENDING ITS DAYS IN WELL-DOING

Here are two items of news, a sad one and a good one.

The sad one is that one of the fine old houses of Derbyshire is doomed to disappear in a great reservoir, though it has twenty years of life before it is drowned.

The good news is that these twenty years are to be spent in well-doing, for the house is to be used as a Youth Hostel. It is Derwent Hall, which the Prince of Wales has been visiting.

The Youth Hostels Association is to be congratulated on its acquisition of Derwent Hall as its finest hostel, and still more on its skilful handling of the fabric.

This dignified grey stone building was once the Derbyshire home of the Dukes of Norfolk. It was built on the banks of the Derwent in the late 17th century and contains some splendid oak panelling.

The Great Triumph

The North Midlands group of the association have been responsible for all the structural alterations, and have done their work well and unobtrusively. The Manchester group have earned high praise for their furnishing. All the furniture is simple and perfectly in keeping with the character of the house. They have washed all unpanelled walls with yellow, adding to the appearance of light and warmth.

The great triumph is the common room, which had been stripped and left in a most discouraging state. It has been lined with beaver boarding, cleaned and fitted, and is now a cheerful room. The chief point about the whole thing is that all the work has been done voluntarily by parties of energetic and cheerful ramblers who have willingly given up their leisure, even their cherished holidays, so that expenses might be kept down.

The double-decker bedsteads accommodate 50 sleepers, and more will soon be forthcoming. There are twin dining-rooms, one for bought meals and the other for those who cook their own; and the cost has been amazingly small.

This part of the Peak has always been a Mecca for the Rambler; from now on it may be expected to attract a never-failing flow of enthusiastic walkers from all parts of the Midlands as well as from the North.

LITTLE MR LANG

If any further proof were needed that sanity has returned in full measure to Australia it is to be seen in the results of the general election in New South Wales. Mr Lang's party has been heavily defeated, five of his Ministers losing their seats and not half of his supporters being returned to Parliament.

LONDON HAS A NEW MONUMENT

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY IN TOWN

Sir Alfred Gilbert's Fine Bronze for Queen Alexandra

WILD ROSE DAY

Twenty-one years of wild roses have turned into a bronze group in the walls of Marlborough House Garden, a delightful miracle of time helped a little by human hands. It is a charming story.

Twenty-one years ago Queen Alexandra started Wild Rose Day to raise funds for a project near her heart, which is now known as the Queen's Institute of District Nursing.

No charity day was so dear to England and to English-speaking people the world over as Wild Rose Day. During these years almost a quarter of a million has been given for the Queen's nurses and hospital work generally. Six years ago it was decided that extension of work and organisation of the nursing profession should be Queen Alexandra's memorial, and that a bronze group, paid for out of a small fraction of Rose Day funds, should be set up as a visible monument, in which the virtues of Faith, Hope, and Charity should be forever connected with her name.

A Work of Beauty

Mr Alfred Gilbert, R.A., was chosen as the sculptor, and no one seemed to think it mattered at all that he was an old man: 78 is not too old to achieve a work of beauty, as thousands of people have thought since the King unveiled the memorial.

It stands in a niche in the old brick wall that bounds the westward side of Marlborough House, which was Queen Alexandra's chief London home. The wall has been cut to take the group at a spot overlooked by her windows, and exactly opposite Friary Court, St James's Palace, a charming little quadrangle.

The group shows the three crowned figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, the central one holding by outstretched hands a slim little form with a rather tired head. Swinging lines of drapery connect the figures. Behind is a three-fold throne with Gothic canopies, and behind these is a bronze background of heavy lampstands and panels, the panels set with delicate low-relief work.

A Charming Device

Tiny figures stand on the steps of the throne, and at the foot is a most charming device—four little cascades of water curving over an invisible barrier and giving not only an effect of life and movement, but at the same time the impression of solid, glimmering jewels.

Faith, Hope, and Charity, the meeting-points of all creeds, are figures dear to the heart and imagination, however they may be shaped. Mr Gilbert has given great dignity to the crowned forms, and, of course, he has left a few things unexplained, and also left it quite clear that he is a great craftsman.

Sculptor's Hidden Meaning

We have always felt that the sculptor is really a Florentine 15th-century craftsman, made English by the accident of birth and education. This group would have been excellent in miniature, in gold and enamel for the adornment of a palace. As for the sculptor's hidden meaning, he knows very well that in every work of art there are three creations: the artist's idea, what the artist makes of it, and what the public see in it. There all works of art are left, and only time can make the three one.

The King has knighted the sculptor, so that he is now Sir Alfred Gilbert, receiving this dignity in the year of the restoration of his Eros to its throne in Piccadilly Circus, and the year of his new addition to our outdoor sculpture gallery after long exile abroad.

SPIRIT OF LAUSANNE

NEW HOPE FOR THE WORLD

Leaders of Europe and the Outlook For the Future

AMERICA'S CHANCE

The spirit in which the political leaders of Europe went to Lausanne cannot fail to bear good fruit for a harassed and distracted world.

The many set-backs which delayed this great international conference appear, on the whole, to have worked for good. France has put her trust in her new Prime Minister, M. Herriot, who represents the more moderate opinions on Reparations and War Debts. It was, too, a fortunate thing for the world that he was a real friend of Mr MacDonald. Italy sent Signor Grandi, who represents all that is good in the Mussolini Government and has shown himself one of the best friends of Peace and Disarmament in Europe. He and his chief are willing to give up more weapons of war than any Great Power has yet suggested, and they were among the first to declare publicly that Reparations must be abolished.

Another advantage from the postponement was the rise in influence of Baron von Neurath, who went straight to the German Foreign Ministry from the Embassy at London, where, more than any other German, he was in touch with the views and aims of our own representatives at the Conference.

With the leaders of Europe determined to abolish the causes of depression and to stop mad rivalries of all sorts, it is only necessary for the American people to see the vision once again and to come in and take a hand in restoring prosperity, for this will assuredly follow united and generous action by all nations.

WORK FOR IDLE MEN TO DO

Good Advice To Europe

A LEAGUE COMMITTEE'S VALUABLE REPORT

We hope Lausanne, and the World Economic Conference also, will take note of the valuable report made to the Council of the League of Nations by a Committee of Inquiry set up to study the question of public works in relation to European unemployment.

The matter is very important. There are many great national works needed in Europe which have an international character. They are matters which affect all Europe because they are related to the activities of Europe as a whole.

Take a case in point. By making a new bridge over some great European river we may not only benefit the country in which the bridge is made, but give a new advantage to international travellers; while, of course, any furthering of transport is of value to the world.

The Committee directed its inquiries to works which would help employment and would be of productive value as well as of international scope and purpose.

We cannot give all the details mentioned by the Committee, but a single case will show how important this matter is.

The Government of Yugo-Slavia proposes to build a new bridge over the Danube and to extend certain railways. The Committee recommend this operation because it would facilitate communication between France, Italy, and Yugo-Slavia on the one hand and Rumania and Russia on the other. At the same time there would be immediate alleviation of unemployment and further productivity in point of wealth.

A GREAT INDIAN STIRRING STORY OF THE TOWN OF JAMSHEDPUR

Epoch-Making Result of a Visit To a Museum

PARSEE'S PRINCELY GIFTS

India has lost a great man who had served her well.

The keynote of Sir Dorabji Tata's life of 72 years was the admiration and respect he had for his father and his country. It was continually his aim to carry out great schemes begun through the marvellous foresight of the older man, Jamsetji Tata, and his success was so great that he put forward the clock of India's progress by many years.

Dorabji, who was a Parsee, was educated at Cambridge. Many years later he gave £25,000 to the University for the School of Engineering. When he returned to Bombay he went on with his studies, and then joined the Bombay Gazette in order to learn journalism.

In the Jungles

It was not until he was 25 and had had an excellent all-round education that he went into his father's big cotton business. He soon became a partner and carried out many of the older man's ideas in improving factories.

It had always been one of the great wishes of his father to manufacture iron and steel on a large scale in India. Dorabji set himself the task of realising this aim. About 30 years ago he and two friends went prospecting for months in the jungles of Orissa and the Central Provinces. The heat was so great that most people would have given up trying, but Dorabji's father had been certain that there were possibilities of discoveries of metal, and the friends persevered.

An Exciting Discovery

One day when they were spending a short time at Nagpur they happened to go into the museum. By chance Dorabji, who was wandering round looking at minerals, made an exciting discovery about the geological formation of Orissa. At once the friends went there prospecting, and the rest of the story is like a fairy tale. After enough adventures to fill a book they stumbled, near the village of Sakchi, on a hill not of gold, but of almost pure iron.

This hill, of which the ore is so rich that it yields over 65 per cent of pure metal, has been called one of the mineral wonders of the world.

Not long after their discovery a town of 70,000 people sprang up near the hill of iron in the heart of the jungle. It was named Jamshedpur, after Dorabji's father, who had conceived the scheme of starting a huge iron and steel industry.

These works are the pride of India.

Harnessing the Monsoon

Dorabji had reason to be proud of his father, for the old man had other epoch-making ideas. One of these was a scheme for harnessing the great power of the monsoon rainfall of the Western Ghats and thus to supply electric current to Bombay and inland. His faithful son was determined to carry out this idea. He succeeded, and at once industrial conditions in Bombay were transformed.

Developing his father's great cotton industry would have been enough work for an ordinary man, but this was only one of the enterprises into which Dorabji put his heart and soul. He created employment for a quarter of a million Indian people.

Indian education was another matter in which Dorabji, who was made a knight in 1910, was interested. At Bangalore he endowed an Institute of Science. The fine achievements of his life were crowned by one of his last acts, when he left over two millions to charity.

He had no children, and last year his wife died of an incurable kind of anaemia. So he also put aside over £187,000 to be spent on scholarships for research work on incurable diseases.

THE SILENT ZOO EMPIRE MENAGERIE AT SOUTH KENSINGTON

A Little Show While They Build Up Leviathan

LIFELIKE EXHIBITION

Please, can you tell me the way to the Whale Room? is a question continually asked by boys and girls visiting the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

They will ask it more than ever this year, for in the magnificent new whale room a wonderful exhibition of stuffed wild animals of the Empire is being held for six months. It is probably the best of its kind ever seen in London.

For reasons of economy this room, an excellent modern example of museum architecture, is still whaleless. The great expense of moving Leviathan, taking him to pieces, recasting, remounting, and putting him together again, has made it impossible for the present to stock the hall. But the most awesome of whales and cuttlefish are put in the shade by this superb menagerie of the Empire now on view.

Moving Spirit and Organiser

Captain Dollman, one of the assistant curators, was the moving spirit and organiser of the exhibition. Without spoiling the general effect of the other rooms 200 wild animals were chosen from various departments and taken out of their cases. We are not told if they went in two by two to their new quarters. If this was so the kangaroo had no partner, for the elephant was too heavy to move. Mrs Hippo, the large African species, had also to be left behind because by the time she was stuffed she had lost her girlish slimness.

Most of the animals stand on a neutral-coloured ground of peat-mould, but some of the mountain goats and antelopes are poised on rocks. The absence of glass cases gives an air of freedom to the animals and makes them appear much more lifelike. They are arranged in three general enclosures, which represent Canada, with Newfoundland; Africa; and the Indo-Malay area, including Borneo.

Quaint and Amusing Names

One of the chief attractions is the African group with its lion, leopard, and tall giraffe standing among many of the cat tribe such as the cheetah. Near them are the buffalo, zebra, and pigmy hippopotamus. There are many beautiful animals in the Malay group, and the snow leopard is the admiration of every visitor. The animals of North America make another fine tableau.

Some of the most popular exhibits are the tiny dik-diks and royal antelopes, about the size of a rabbit. Quaint and amusing are the names of many of the animals—such as the sassaby, the rhim, the tsessebe, and the sing-sing. Among the heads of animals which decorate the walls of the hall is one of the first exhibits of the British Museum, the head of an Assam buffalo with enormously wide horns. It belonged to the Hains Soane Museum, which was the nucleus of the British Museum.

No better example of the animal has ever been obtained for the collection.

THINGS SAID

We did not leave a heap of ruins, but laid the foundation for better things.

Dr Brüning

I have been singing to the people fifty years.

Sir Harry Lauder

I'm happy when I'm hiking.

A diver continually being moved about at the bottom

To be born an English-speaking reader is like coming into a million pounds.

Mr J. B. Priestley

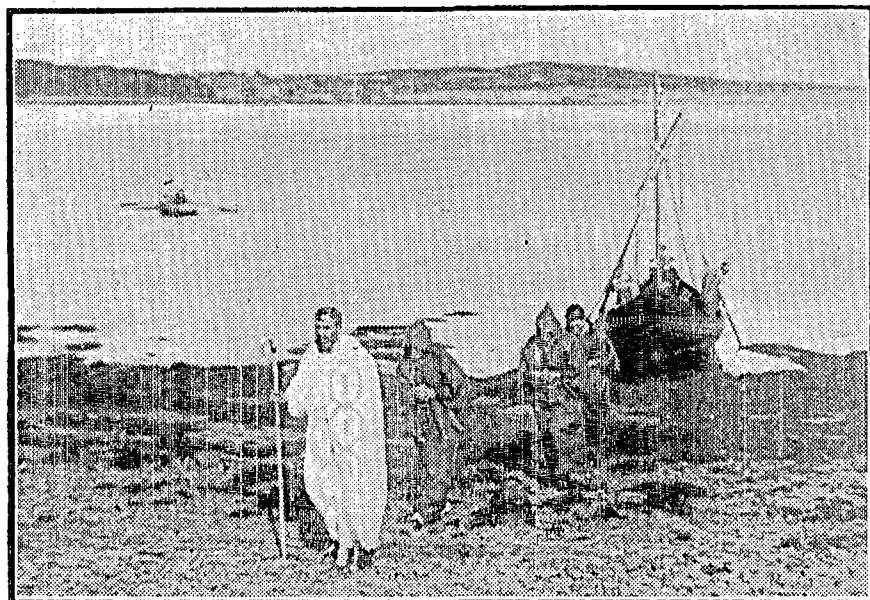
Next to the Navy the British reputation stands highest in the British Museum.

Sir Frederic Kenyon

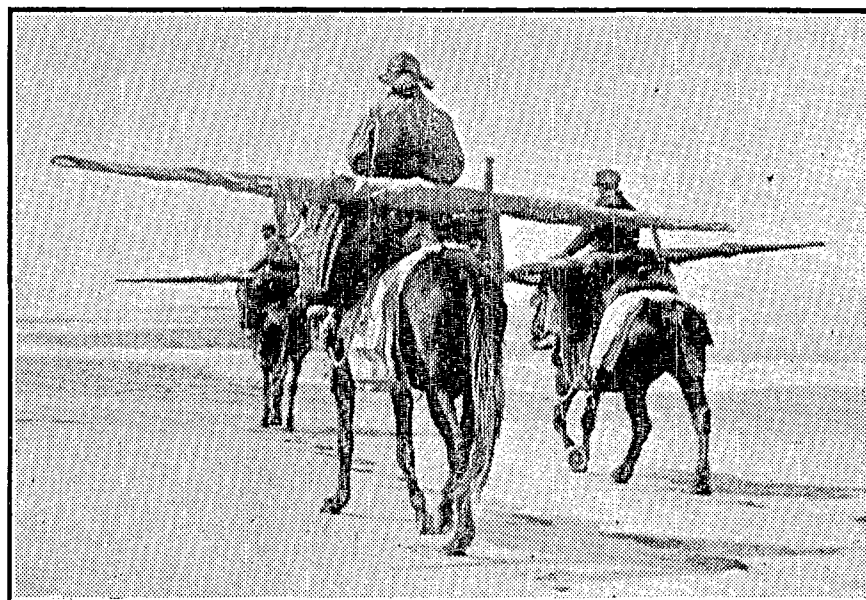
A ST PATRICK PAGEANT · OLD WINDMILL SAVED · A RED INDIAN STORY



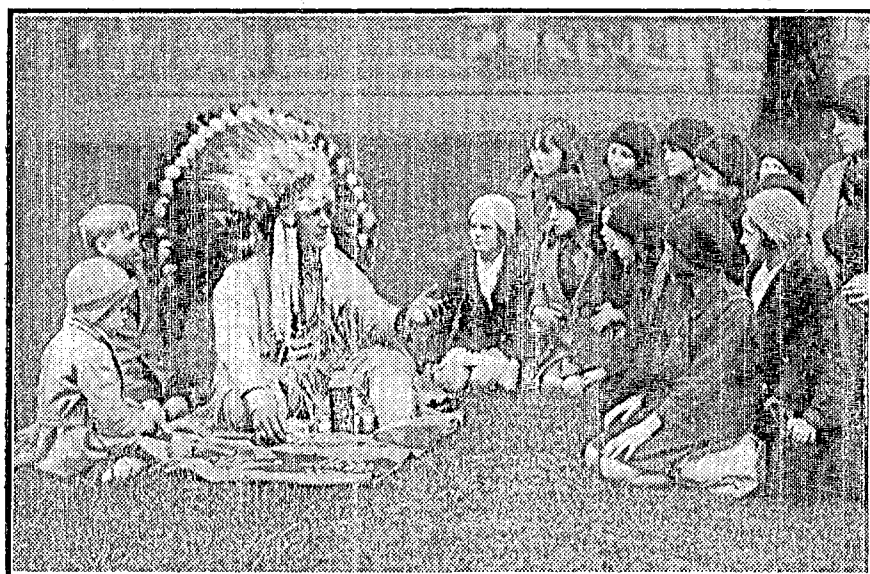
England's Oldest Windmill—Bourn Windmill, which is said to be the oldest in England, has been presented to the Cambridge Preservation Society. This charming old post mill is known to have existed in 1636, and it was working up to six years ago. It may possibly be used as a Youth Hostel. See page 12.



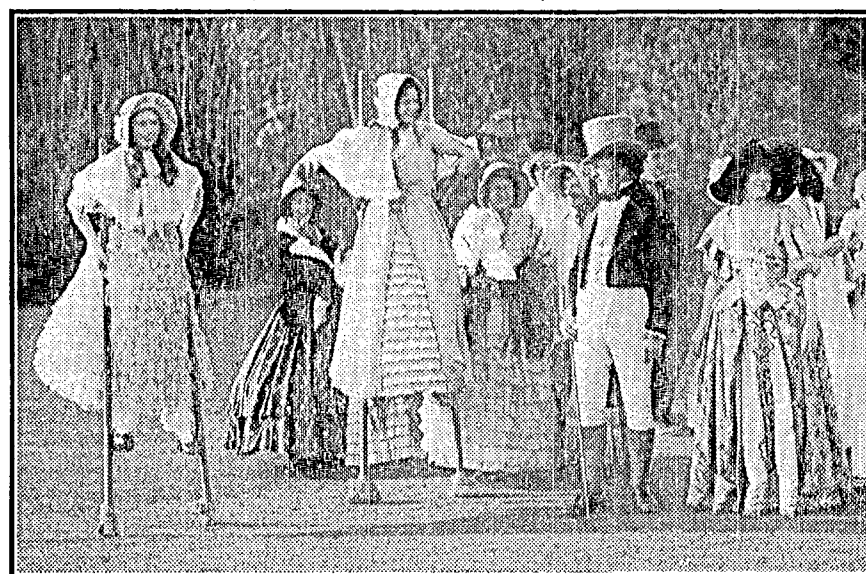
The Landing of St Patrick—The fifteen hundredth anniversary of the landing of St Patrick in Ireland as a missionary has been the occasion of special celebrations. Here is a scene from a pageant which took place on the shores of Strangford Lough in County Down.



Mounted Fisherman—At Nieuport on the coast of Belgium shrimpers may be seen riding down to the sea on horseback, in the way shown in our picture, taking with them the great nets they use and baskets in which to place their catch.



The Chief Tells a Story—During an interval in the production of Hiawatha at the Royal Albert Hall the Red Indian Chief Os-ke-non-ton entertained this little group of children in Kensington Gardens by telling them the story embodied in Longfellow's great poem.



Victorians on Stilts—These Victorian girls on stilts caused amusement at Boddington Manor near Cheltenham, where they took part in a pageant play this month. The play dealt with the history of the manor and it was performed in the grounds.

JEREMY BENTHAM LOOKS ON

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST

The Very Odd Old Man of a Hundred Years Ago

FORERUNNER OF OUR TIMES

Old Jeremy Bentham sits with his hat on in his cubicle at University College, London, seeming to watch with serene benevolence the years passing by.

Behind the glass screen you may see the philosopher among his books, his walking-stick across the knees of his kerseymer breeches, his slippers on his feet. Just a wax figure, you might think; but that is not quite the case. The skeleton of the old gentleman is within his habiliments, the white hair beneath the hat is his own.

This is, very nearly, Jeremy Bentham as he lived, and he is thus preserved by his own wish. It was his fancy that perhaps his image might be brought into view to preside whenever people met to commemorate him, or to ponder his philosophy of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

In Perpetual Session

So it has been. In a general way, it is to be feared, the world has rolled on forgetting Jeremy Bentham in the course of a century, and the number of people who remember that he sits in perpetual session in Gower Street is very small.

The great man is not always visible, but the University College authorities will courteously turn on the electric light to show him to any serious inquirer, though the C.N., on inquiring about him once, was informed by the porter that there was no Jeremy there.

But at his centenary he came out in full view at the dinner-party attended by professors and lecturers of the University of London in his honour, to furnish quite a new reading of the skeleton at the feast.

A hundred years after his death his disciples can claim for him that he was the greatest social reformer of his time.

Reforms He Advocated

Well might he have looked out from his glass window any time in the last hundred years and smiled to see some of his dreams coming true, or have meditated, even to this day, on the slowness with which the world puts them into practice.

One of them was the representative system of Parliament, to supersede the old rotten boroughs. That has come to pass. So has the mitigation of the terrible criminal law which hanged people for small offences against property, or transported them, or sent them to the treadmill.

These reforms were largely of Bentham's doing, and in his wise old brain, which went on working till he was 84, were schemes for the reform of the Poor Law, for cheap postage, for national education, for public health service, for census returns.

A Great Englishman

He was a great peacemaker. The first proposals for a Congress working toward disarmament and the abolition of secret diplomacy came from him. If he could have come to life at the dinner the other day a few words would have come from him, and from none better, on the League of Nations.

Such he was, a great Englishman who foresaw in Australia a new nation of the British people, and a great cosmopolitan to whom the whole world was his native country.

All the goodwill and reverence in the world cannot do more than preserve his skeleton, but the mind that once inhabited his venerable head is still helping to guide the future of the race.

THE LION HOUSE AT THE ZOO

HANDSOME CECIL

The Lion Who Came With a Bad Reputation

A TUSSLE AT WHIPSNADE

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Lion House has again been the centre of attraction at the Zoo.

In the first place Lena, a well-known lioness, has got a new husband in Cecil, the handsome black-maned lion belonging to Bostock's collection who was sent to the Zoo from Whipsnade because he was bored by the Zoological Park.

Cecil came to the Zoo with a very bad character; he was said to be a ferocious animal, quite unfit to have a companion, as he had already killed three wives.

Lena and Cecil

However, Cecil is not living up to his reputation. He had only been in the Lion House a few days when his keeper discovered that he was too much of a coward to be dangerous. Apparently Lena made the same discovery. When the pair were first introduced they certainly had a fight, but Lena started it, and did most of the fighting. Whatever Cecil may have been in the past, he is now having a new experience, for Lena is the dominant member of the partnership, and she manages him wonderfully.

Another newly-attached pair in the Lion House are Bill and Nancy Leopard.

Nancy is ruling her mate as determinedly as Lena. Before these two met they learned to know one another through a grille. Even then Bill showed signs of being nervous of his prospective partner, for if she snarled he would beat a hasty retreat.

Nancy has not failed to keep this early advantage, and it is yet to be seen if Bill will settle down happily with her.

One of the lions at Whipsnade has also been drawing attention to himself.

Why Nero Had No Dinner

Nero is one of the occupants of the new spacious enclosure for lions in the country zoo, and he has been refusing to conform to the regulations. The enclosure has four cages with sliding doors, which are worked by means of a lever outside the paddock. The cages were designed so that the lions could be separated and shut up at feeding-time and on occasions when the keepers wished to enter their home.

When four lions were placed in the enclosure a joint of meat was put in each cage; but though three of them each entered a cage to obtain food Nero stubbornly refused. And so he had no dinner. The following day he again refused to enter his dining cage, and so went hungry until his keeper at last took pity on him and threw him a meal. It is hoped that he will soon make up his mind to turn over a new leaf.

THE BABY ZOO

There is a children's playground in the Berlin Zoo where the baby animals are put.

A C.N. reader saw there the other day little boys and girls of three and four sitting in a big chair nursing baby lions and bears while a picture postcard was being photographed of them. The tamest of monkeys, baby elephants and camels, rabbits and guinea-pigs, baby pigs, lambs and kids, all enjoy a nursery life.

Except for a few exceptions, there are no cages or bars, all the doors are open, and the children just play with the baby animals, carrying them in their arms and playing with them as playmates. One little tot of three was burying a fat little pig in the sand, and the piglet thoroughly enjoyed it. It is a children's Paradise, although perhaps the grown-ups get the most fun.

THEY MET AT TRAFALGAR

AND MEET AGAIN TODAY

The Ship That Hit Nelson's Flagship in the Great Battle

VICTORY AND IMPLACABLE SIDE BY SIDE

Within gunshot of one another two of the world's famous ships are lying. Nelson's Victory is cradled in Portsmouth Dockyard and the two-decker Implacable floats at the head of the Harbour in Fareham Creek. The gunshot will never be fired.

They met as enemies at Trafalgar; they saluted one another as friends when the Implacable was towed past her great adversary to her last resting-place.

She has a happier fate than the Fighting Temeraire and all those brave craft which, having braved the battle and the breeze, went at last to the shipbreakers. The Implacable is to continue as a holiday training-ship for Sea Scouts and cadets. Some 300 of them lined her decks when she glided past the Victory, and all the warships dipped their flags.

A Great Occasion

They saluted because this was a naval occasion, a great one in the Navy's history. When the Implacable (which was then the Duguay Trouin) under French command sighted Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar her first shot tore the Victory's topsail.

When the Implacable passed by on a day in June 127 years later the marine guard of the Victory stood to attention and returned her salute, for this was no enemy but a friend who had put in a hundred years of service as a King's ship.

So the two ships which, having fought, have found a better way, rest within sight of one another, not as victor and vanquished, but as old friends. The Victory can put no more to sea. The Implacable is the last afloat of all the ships that fought at Trafalgar.

LIVINGSTONE'S COAT A Tattered Relic For Blantyre

Charterhouse boys are parting with one of their greatest treasures, a disreputable-looking old overcoat which was worn by David Livingstone during his last journey in Africa.

The other day this tattered relic, which has probably witnessed many a thrilling adventure, was handed over by the school authorities to the trustees of the Livingstone Memorial at Blantyre in Lanarkshire. It is quite right that this overcoat should be kept at the birthplace of the famous missionary-explorer, for many more of his admirers will now have a chance of seeing it.

Nearly sixty years ago Bishop Chauncy Maples, a missionary in Africa, came across a native chief named Matoba, who was wearing this coat. Even then it was old, tattered, and faded, and its quaint patches of African workmanship made it a coat fit for a comedian.

Probably Livingstone, who died in 1873, had given the coat to Matoba in exchange for food, as more than once he was in sore straits, and the chief had worn it ever since.

Eventually the bishop gave it to Charterhouse, where it has been treasured for forty years in the school museum.

A BLIND MAN AND HIS MOTHER

All honour to Dr Nils Juringius, a young mathematician blind from birth, for he has obtained the highest University degree it is possible to get in Sweden, and has qualified for the Doctorate of Philosophy.

And all honour also to the young doctor's mother, who for years has read aloud to her son to help him with his studies, and has acted as his secretary.

CLEARING HOUSE FOR TREASURES

WHY NOT BEGIN?

Friends of Libraries Move in the Right Direction

PUT THINGS WHERE THEY FIT BEST

When the society of the Friends of the National Libraries was formed it was with the hope and intention of keeping great and rare books in the right place.

The right place, as Sir Frederic Kenyon, for so long Director of the British Museum, admitted the other day, was in general Great Britain; and if a particular repository for the rare book should be indicated it would be the British Museum Library.

Both these destinations, like the hopes of the Friends of the Libraries, are admirable; but they are not the only channels into which the generosity of those who have books to give should be directed.

Gifts To the Country

The British Museum, Sir Frederic Kenyon said, owes at least half its collections to the private giver. The same is true of other national collections and libraries, from Bloomsbury to South Kensington and from Manchester Square to Manchester. Museums and great libraries are gifts, not of the country, but to the country.

It is only natural that even the private giver should add his treasure to a National Treasure House where it will be, as far as can be, preserved for ever.

It is natural also that when a society like the Friends of the Libraries gets to work to raise subscriptions to preserve a book like the Speght Chaucer or autographs of Goldsmith, Dr Johnson, John Wesley, or a Bible belonging to Faraday, it should deposit these prizes in the British Museum.

But that should not be the sole aim of the friends of books and of libraries and of other book-lovers; and there were signs at the meeting over which Sir Frederic presided that the friends were beginning to realise it.

An Old Welsh Poet

There are other libraries, other repositories besides that of the British Museum. A Welsh lady, Miss Morgan, had given a number of first editions of Henry Vaughan, the poet who wrote:

*My soul, there is a country
Afur beyond the stars;*

but these were for distribution to libraries in Wales. Another donor of a manuscript desired that it should be given to any library chosen by the society.

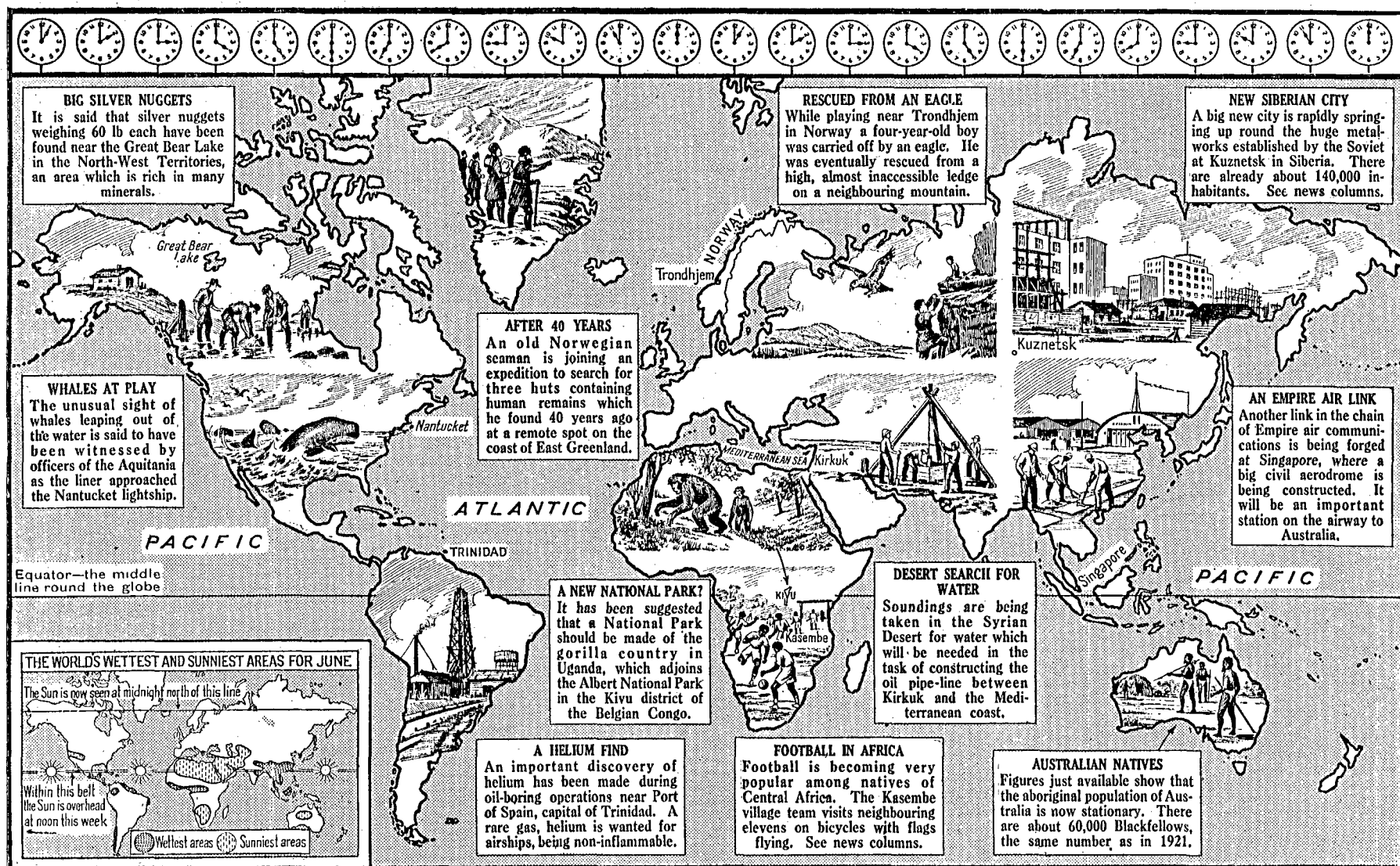
Here, then, is the nucleus of what the C.N. has often asked for—a Clearing House for treasures, which should put them where they should be. We should like to see a scheme for the distribution of gifts of books proposed for the consideration of the Friends of the Libraries. Let them make themselves a clearing house for books, directing the gifts to the libraries, the towns, and the institutions where they would be most welcome and most appropriate.

Treasures Out of Place

Faraday's Bible, for example, would be lost in the British Museum among many Bibles. It would be prized by the community where Faraday read from it aloud, or in the institution where he worked. As to Dr Johnson's letters, or those of John Wesley, has not the British Museum examples already? It requires little imagination to think of places where they would be oftener seen.

These are only examples, probably not the best chosen ones. But there are scores of libraries in this country, and in the Dominions also, where the first edition of an English writer, or a letter written by him, would be esteemed a pearl of great price, not hidden away in a collection, but displayed for all to see.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



SEEING IS BELIEVING A Glass Eye For the Boa

A Madagascar boa at the Zoo is not as other snakes are. It has a glass eye.

Those who admire snakes discern in this one rare beauty; but it was not to preserve its looks that the glass eye was added. It was to preserve its health.

Snakes shed their skins at intervals, as human beings cast a clout when May is out. But, though the snake strips its skin as completely as an undervest, the discarding process sometimes causes injury to an eye. That was the sad case of the Madagascar boa.

Its health suffered after the injury, and it was evidently in pain. But it had a friend in the honorary ophthalmologist of the Zoo, who first removed the injured eye. That was good enough for the boa, which at once regained its spirits and its appetite.

Its surgical friend was not quite satisfied with the result, nevertheless, for a snake with one eye looks strange, and, as already has been noted, the Madagascar boa was something of a professional beauty. Consequently the friendly ophthalmologist fitted it with a glass eye.

None can perceive the difference. The snake is perfectly satisfied, and its admirers declare that it now turns its good eye on the ophthalmologist with a gleam of friendly gratitude.

THE AEROPLANE AND THE CAPTIVE BALLOON

In the neighbourhood of Strasbourg some manoeuvres were being carried out in the course of which some planes had to make a sham attack on a captive balloon.

One of the planes passed under the balloon and cut its cable. The result was eminently satisfactory. The balloon vanished in the clouds. It was the spectators down below upon whom the cable fell who were not equally satisfied. Two of them had to be taken to hospital.

WHY WE CANNOT RING UP SHAKESPEARE

The great change-over to automatic telephones is proceeding apace.

In Britain there are about 5000 telephone exchanges, and the thousandth automatic exchange has just been opened.

Number 1000 is at Harrow. It is known as the Byron exchange, in memory of the poet's schooldays at Harrow. In naming new exchanges it is the policy of the Post Office to select names of some local interest. With the automatic exchanges it is not always possible to use the name of the district, because in dialling a number only the first three letters of a name are used, and this is likely to lead to confusion.

Also several letters share each position on the dial and several combinations of letters would coincide. For this reason it has been found impossible to name an exchange after our greatest poet, for the first three letters of SHAKESPEARE occupy the same dial positions as RICHMOND.

The Byron exchange at Harrow is the beginning of a Poet's Corner, for a second Harrow exchange is to be called Arnold, and neighbouring Kenton is to have a Wordsworth exchange.

THE WIRELESS VALVE STEADIES A SHIP

Something new in the way of keeping a ship steady in a rough sea has been invented by Dr Alexanderson, the well-known television and wireless engineer.

Fins, designed like streamline rudders, are fitted on opposite sides of the vessel's hull, and they tilt up or down as the ship rolls. This tilting movement keeps the ship steady if applied at the right moment, and the movement of the fins is controlled by a very small gyroscope, which operates an electric current amplified by valves.

The equipment is very simple and extremely rapid in motion, and may prove far simpler than the heavy stabilising gyroscopes with their flywheels weighing hundreds of tons.

THE R.A.F. DISPLAY

While the C.N. hates war and warlike things it has much admiration for the skill and daring of the young men of the R.A.F., which should be directed to nobler purposes.

Their work has helped greatly in making the aeroplane an everyday vehicle, and if it has not yet reached the stage of a hundred per cent safety there are many people who prefer travel by air to riding about our unsafe highways in a car.

At Hendon Aerodrome this week-end, the R.A.F. is to hold its annual display, when more than 200 machines of many types will be seen in charge of the world's finest pilots.

On Friday the aerodrome will be open free to children who are members of properly-conducted parties, when they will see a full-dress rehearsal of the programme which is to be carried out on Saturday. As no printed programmes will be available on Friday members of the R.A.F. will explain the events to spectators.

The display on Saturday, which is a pay day, will be in aid of R.A.F. charities.

A BIG SIBERIAN SCHEME

We have already recorded the establishment of a gigantic Russian metallurgical works called the Magnitogorsk.

The Soviet Government has now successfully started another gigantic metal works at Kuznetsk in Siberia, which is only second in importance to Magnitogorsk.

The Siberian works will have four blast furnaces, one of which is already at work, 15 open-hearth steel furnaces, coke ovens, rolling mills, and so on. A new city has sprung up like magic at Kuznetsk in under two years, and already has a population of 140,000 inhabitants. There are 50,000 workers and their families, for whom temporary wooden habitations were erected. A modern township is being built for them, complete with hospitals, libraries, clubs, restaurants, cinemas, and a number of schools.

See World Map

SPEED

The Cheltenham Flyer's 92 Miles an Hour

The Cheltenham Flyer is living up to its name.

It has made the journey from Swindon to Paddington, more than 77 miles, in thirteen seconds under 57 minutes. This is an average speed of 81.6 miles an hour, and the 300-ton train was at one time hurtling along at a speed of 92 miles an hour, a mile and a half a minute.

If there were any doubt as to which was the world's fastest train this journey has settled it in favour of the Cheltenham Flyer.

It is interesting to recall that as long ago as 1904 a G.W.R. train made the journey from Bristol to London at an average speed of 71.3 miles an hour. This train, however, had a weight of 148 tons against the 300 tons of the Cheltenham Flyer, including its engine, the Tregenna Castle.

SHARES GIVEN AWAY

Strange Case of a Bank

The £10 shares of the Anglo-South American bank, once a flourishing concern, have become valueless as a result of trade distress in South America, culminating in the Socialist revolution in Chile.

These shares have an uncalled liability of £5 each. This liability on bank shares is a common thing, because it represents uncalled capital and therefore increases the stability of the bank. In the case of the Anglo-South American bank the liability of £5 a share is still outstanding, and, owing to the fear that it will be called up it is reported that the shares have been actually given away for nothing, the takers, of course, incurring the liability attaching to them.

Another curious anecdote of the world slump and its consequences!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JUNE 25 1932

This Comic World

TO such a pass have the politicians brought the world that we see men driven to hail as good signs what are really and essentially bad signs. They cannot see the ridiculous situations that are all about them.

The world contains hundreds of millions of under-fed people who need a much higher standard of life to give them good physique to enable them to resist disease and to make them better-equipped citizens of the world.

Such a condition, one would think, would cause the rulers of the world to put their heads together and say boldly: "The world has many fertile plains; why should we not organise food production to increase the supply so that no man or woman or child under heaven should be in need?"

Alas! instead of doing anything so sensible, so reasonable, so just, so kind, so calculated to restore the world to prosperity, our amazing rulers leave the problem to the prey of chance.

What does chance do in the matter? Its effect at this hour is that the food producers cannot find sufficient markets for the food they produce because there is no organisation to put their output fully at the disposal of mankind.

Therefore the food producers rejoice, not in abundance, but in any sign that harvests may fail.

It sounds like a bad joke, but the world's wheat producers throw up their caps and shout with joy at any sign that wheat production is falling off.

Thus we read that Mr Stone, the Chairman of the American Farm Board, has made what is called "a very favourable statement." This good news hailed by Mr Stone consists of the following facts:

1. The American winter wheat crop is almost halved.
2. The world's wheat is likely to show a reduction of a hundred million bushels.
3. Russia may not have any surplus of wheat to export.

So, in an unorganised world, abundance is regarded as unfortunate and shortage regarded as favourable.

The Psalmist, in a beautiful line, wrote that the valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing. That was written over two thousand years ago. After twenty centuries the world is so foolish and so blind that, when the valleys stand thick with corn, the wheat market regards it as cause to weep and moan!

Truly the world of the politicians is mad; but there is, happily, a cure for such madness. It is that some way must be found for bringing into operation, in place of the feebleness of politicians, the robust common sense of mankind.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Silence, Please

ONE of the good promises Lord Brentford made when he was Home Secretary was to stop the frightful noises made by motor-cyclists in our streets.

Lord Brentford did not keep his promise, and these noises go on continually; motor-cycles shrieking like pneumatic drills pass our policemen every day.

We may hope that Sir Herbert Samuel, our present Home Secretary, will keep Lord Brentford's promise for him and save us from this horrible noise, so unnecessary and so intolerable.

The removal of one noise from our streets today would be a fine memorial for any man.

The Show Went On

IT is distressing to realise that human life has apparently become of so little value that sport and drama, to say nothing of mining and industry and the roads, treat death with a sort of contempt.

At Brooklands motor track the other day a motor-car race was started. Almost as soon as it began a driver swerved from the track to instantaneous death.

The suddenness of the killing was the only merciful thing connected with this dread event, for, we regret to say, the race was proceeded with as though nothing had happened.

We pretend to be shocked when we read of ancient chariot-races, when death went unregarded. Now, it seems, we are reverting to the manners and customs of those times.

The Universe

THE Universe is not self-produced or self-maintained, but the result of a Creative Power; and requires a continually Directive Agency.

Sir Ambrose Fleming

This Film Business

WE have a very authoritative opinion on the films that are fit for neither Sunday nor weekday.

The Censor of Films, Mr Edward Shortt, informs us that last year more than a thousand miles of films were examined on nearly two thousand subjects, and that, while forty films were rejected entirely, about one in six were cut, sometimes by as much as a thousand feet of film.

We rejoice to know that, in the opinion of the Censor, things have been much better since his warning about disgraceful films; but what are we to think of a rich trade which, in order to grow richer, produces miles of disreputable films that prove intolerable to its own Censor?

If the films we see have been censored, what must the films be like that we are not allowed to see?

Both Sides of the World

ONE of our friends has sent us this note from across the world.

New Zealand, May 2, 1932

It is winter here with lots of rain, and a time for fires and woollens.

We have sent this brief reply:

London, June 5, 1932

It is like winter here with lots of rain, a time for fires and woollens.

It is satisfactory, at any rate, to have something the two ends of the world can agree about.

Tip-Cat

THERE are said to be many chewing gums on the market. All the same we prefer teeth.

SILK-LIKE hair is fashionable. It makes a material difference.

A WRITER says there are 1600 jazz bands in Australia. He is evidently trying to stop emigration.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If a weather-cock likes foul weather

CURIOUS that the average man does not like being called an average man.

A SHAVING contest was won by a barber's assistant. Only by a close shave.

ON holiday, says a doctor, your diet and clothes

should be light. Then you will be a match for anything.

IT is proposed to give hairdressing talks on the wireless. You must get the right wave length.

A CHILD should learn to be regular at school, says a teacher. Not a regular nuisance.

TAKE care where you spend your holidays, says a physician. Also take air.

FAT men are often conceited. Full of themselves.

WHAT is it makes the business man so tired if there is no business being done?

THE walking holiday is becoming more popular. Ours rushes by.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

AN unknown friend has given £10,000 to preserve Oxford's beauty.

A RUSSIAN captain has been fined £50 for allowing oil from his ship to flow into the Thames.

AN unknown friend has sent £2000 in banknotes for the Foundling Site in London.

JUST AN IDEA

Is it not rather strange that Custom House officers believe us all to be cheats?

A Timber Merchant in the City

By Our Town Girl

A friend who is a timber merchant was saying lately how much he wished he could be more among the trees he writes so many business letters about.

MY correspondence is of trees each day.

In mighty woods and forests far away

Because I write men work and great trees fell;

Because I write much timber woodmen sell;

TYPED script announcing this is brought to me,

But the great heavenly beauty of a tree

Is only mine on paper, or in ink. Sometimes I put the cold page down and think

THAT, since I am a timber merchant, why

Can I not barter under God's wide sky,

Deep in the forests, close to Nature's heart.

Why should man from his real work dwell apart,

MECHANICAL, upon an office seat, Among high houses in a tree-less street?

Stacks of filed papers are the leaves I see

Instead of green leaves on a living tree.

Charles Augustus Lindbergh Junior

You, too, have flown across the unknown spaces

And come to rest in fields of Paradise, Where laughter lights her lamp on baby faces

And God the Father smiles with kindly eyes.

You, too, across the vast world have gone winging,

And soaring up to Heaven's gate you found

The saints were setting all the joybells ringing,

Welcoming you with love and merry sound.

And like a little bird grown tired with flying

That drops contentedly into its nest, Among the hills of Heaven you are lying,

Sleeping the gentle sleep of babies blest.

Estelle Boughton

The Ten Commandments

By Isaac Watts

Thou shalt have no more gods but Me. Before no idol bow the knee.

Take not the name of God in vain, Nor dare the Sabbath Day profane.

Give both thy parents honour due. Take heed that thou no murder do.

Abstain from words and deeds unclean, Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean,

Nor make a wilful lie nor love it. What is thy neighbour's do not covet.

The Ancient Carpet

Each little silken blade of grass That threads the carpet where we pass

Is just a stitch for you and me In Earth's antique embroidery.

Marjorie Wilson

AMAZING DISCOVERY IN AUSTRALIA

HOW THEY FOUND THE KANGAROO RAT

Lost For Ninety Years and Now
Found Again

EXCITING HUNT ACROSS DESOLATE SAND RIDGES

Australia's unexpected find of the kangaroo rat, believed for 90 years to be extinct though at one time it had a very wide range across the continent, may possibly lead to further startling discoveries.

It was while Mr Reese was assisting Mr H. H. Finlayson, of the Adelaide Museum, to make a survey of fauna of the Diamantina district that he heard the black people talking of the Caloprymus, known to them by the far more pleasing name of Oolacunta.

As soon as Mr Finlayson heard the amazing news that the little creature might be still living he set out at once for the north, met his friend Reese at Appamunna, and started with him last December on the long ride into the Oolacunta country. They took with them four carefully-chosen black boys.

Five Miles From Water

One of them was Butcher, the only person in the district who had a first-hand knowledge of the creature. Jimmy, a Wonkamaroo huntsman, was new to the district. He had been one of the last to forsake the desolate Mickeric country, where the struggle for existence had developed in him amazing skill in the hunting of small mammals.

For days they travelled across an endless succession of sand ridges, fiery red in colour except where great yellow ochre patches marked the channels and great flood plains.

On the emphatic advice of the black boys, and much against the white men's better judgment, they made their final camp five miles from any water, for the boys insisted that this was a haunt of the much-coveted Caloprymus. In the blaze of midsummer anything less promising than this stony plain in the midst of a vast sweep of open country would be difficult to imagine. To find a needle in a haystack seemed an easier task than finding an Oolacunta here.

A Thrilling Moment

Many ways of obtaining a specimen were discussed. As snaring and trapping were out of the question they were deciding to gallop round an area and beat up the country when Butcher astonished them all by telling them that Oolacuntas could be easily caught by hand. He often found their grass nests, watched to see the opening, and then when the wind was right he had slipped up, put his hands over the top, and bagged the occupant. But nobody would believe him, and the white men rebuked him for making up such stories.

Early the next morning the six white and black comrades rode east. It was a thrilling moment when they picked up tracks on a sandhill. They lost them, but opened out their front until they covered half a mile, when they rode slowly south, each man on the look-out for a possible nest in every tussock.

A Twelve-Mile Chase

In less than half an hour there was an excited yell from one of the black boys. He had spied an Oolacunta thirty yards ahead.

It was a moment of intense curiosity and excitement for Mr Finlayson, who was waiting some way in front, when he suddenly saw this little ghost of the Forties, the supposedly extinct Oolacunta, coming down the flat toward him. At first it looked a mere speck, but presently a little animal with a long tail appeared. About the size of a rabbit, it was something like a kangaroo and

SIX COSTLY RUNS

BECAUSE a New Zealand boy playing cricket in a park in Dunedin hit a six and sent the ball through a plate-glass window the Dunedin City Council will have to pay the owner of the window the sum of £32.

Of course we all expect to pay for broken windows if we send a cricket ball through our neighbour's window, but city councils do not like paying for the damage caused by people playing in their parks, so there has been a law case to see who should pay.

The magistrate explained that the city council was to blame, because it had laid

down a wicket only 56 yards from the street, and the cricket balls used by players must be a source of danger to passers-by and to windows on the other side of the street.

Then, again, in the game of cricket a batsman who lifted the ball out of the ground and on to the street was rewarded by having six runs added to his score. This made every batsman eager to hit the ball into the street, and so increased the risk of broken windows.

The city council which allowed cricketers to play so near the street would have to pay for a new window.

FOLK DANCERS OF MERRIE ENGLAND



A jolly group at a folk dance festival held at Oxford



Northumberland folk dancers tripping a lively measure in the grounds of Bywell Hall

That the open air is the best place for dancing is suggested by these pictures taken at festivals of county branches of the English Folk Dance Society, an organisation which encourages the revival of old English dances.

Continued from the previous column

something like a wallaby, with long spindly hindlegs and tiny forelegs, which were folded tightly on its chest as it ran with the speed of a hare, scarcely touching the ground. Its coat was a pale yellow ochre, a protective colouring, for it was exactly the shade of the great claypans and flood plains in the neighbourhood.

For such an atom its speed and endurance were amazing, and the only way in which the six men finally overtook it after a twelve-mile chase on their thundering horses was by using fresh mounts in turn, which galloped at full pace. At length the little creature was rounded up.

Although the heat grew steadily worse the little party stayed for many days in their waterless camp. There were fiery winds and pests of flies and ants, and the glare was terrible. On the day before they broke camp Butcher, the black hunter, who had taken the horses

to water five miles away, came back with the greatest prize of the expedition.

He was actually carrying intact a nest containing a mother Oolacunta and her baby, both alive and unhurt.

While riding along this lynx-eyed Yalliyanda boy had identified the nest and seen Mrs Oolacunta's head peeping out, so that he knew the all-important matter of where the opening of her little home was. He rode on a short way without stopping, then rapidly walked up to the nest against the wind so that the little creature had no warning of his approach.

Snap! In the twinkling of the camera's eye his long black fingers were over the opening and he had grabbed the mother and baby from behind. It is not likely that the white men will ever doubt again any statements made by black boys. It was entirely owing to their expert help that they were able to find the mysterious Caloprymus so nearly lost for ever to human sight.

ZULU'S BEST FRIEND FAMOUS BISHOP'S BRAVE DAUGHTER

Harriette Colenso and Her Noble
Work in Africa

THE HOME OF LIGHT

Harriette Emily Colenso has finished her lifework. She has just died in Natal.

Her heroic fight for the rights and better treatment of the Zulu people is beginning to be appreciated now that the foolish barriers of race prejudice are falling down.

Harriette was the eldest of the five gifted children of the famous Bishop Colenso. She was a child of six when, nearly 80 years ago, her father was made Bishop of Natal. So greatly was the Colenso family beloved by the Zulus that they called Bishopstowe, their lovely mountain home near Pietermaritzburg, the Home of Light. A Home of Light it was, for it brought hope and courage and sympathy to thousands.

In all his work Harriette was his right hand; the black people gave her the name of the Bishop's Staff. How much the bishop owed to her devoted help and industry will never be known.

The Chiefs in Exile

When he died in 1883 Harriette, who inherited her father's intellect, personality, and courage, combined with an unusual sweetness of disposition, was well fitted to carry on his immense task. She was far more handicapped than her father, for she had no official position and no salary; but she soon gained such influence among the natives that her fame spread far beyond Zululand. Whenever she found a wrong done against a black man she worked hard to put it right.

After the Zulu War in the eighties Miss Colenso was determined that the native chiefs should have a fair hearing at the State trials. She went everywhere collecting evidence for their defence, and when the chiefs were deported to St Helena she and her mother and sister came to England to stir up public opinion on their behalf. Then followed years of disappointment. In 1895 she kept her promise of visiting the chiefs in exile, and made a long stay on St Helena. Then she started a vigorous campaign in England, and at last she had the joy of going back to St Helena and bringing the exiles home to Zululand.

A Brilliant Defence

There was another Zulu revolt early in this century against fresh Government taxation, and Dinizulu, one of the exiled chiefs, whom the Colensos had known since he was a child, was tried for high treason. Once more Miss Colenso went to the rescue. Experienced lawyers have often been amazed at her legal knowledge. She and her sister collected every available witness from remote places and conveyed them to the trial, and prepared a brilliant defence for the chief, whom they believed to be innocent. Through their efforts Dinizulu was acquitted of twenty of the more serious charges, although he was imprisoned for concealing rebels.

The Colenso sisters spent most of their worldly goods on these trials, and it is good to know that their friends subscribed toward a fund to compensate them for their sacrifices, so that they should not have to spend their old age in poverty.

THE DOG-PASSENGER

Holiday-makers who want to take their dogs with them should remember that dog tickets are issued (when the animals are accompanying passengers) for a single fare for the double journey. The charge is 3d for a ten-mile journey, and the rate per mile falls as the journey lengthens. Thus a dog can go 100 miles for only 3s 6d, there and back.

GOOD NEWS

A Fine Piece of Work By Boys

WASTE LAND BECOMES A GARDEN

From the Children's House at Dagenham comes a cheering piece of news.

A large and ugly piece of waste ground next door to this building has been turned into a garden, and nearly all the work has been done by children.

Some of the older boys attending Sunday School classes at the Children's House have done most of the digging. One of their fathers, who is out of work, has been helping them, and the beds have been planted with shrubs and flowers given by the parents of boys and girls attending the Children's House.

Part of the ground was once an ugly hillock used as a dumping-ground for broken cans and bottles. This eyesore has been made into a plantation and a hundred trees have been planted there. The people who gave the trees have promised to replace any that should die.

All the nursery school children have garden plots, and they bring their farthings and halfpennies, which would otherwise have been spent on cheap sweets, for buying seeds and plants. A rubbish heap has been sown with grass and made into a little hill for them to roll down during playtime, and a rustic bridge has been built over a water-lily pond in which they can watch goldfish swimming.

THE BIRDS LOSE A FRIEND

And Nottinghamshire a Naturalist

The birds in the sanctuary at Rainworth Lodge, Nottinghamshire, will miss their old friend Mr Joseph Whittaker.

When he was a schoolboy at Uppingham he spent his leisure hours in getting to know the birds of the hedgerows and coppices. The knowledge and the wish to increase it never left him.

Rainworth Lodge became a natural history museum, the park a bird sanctuary. The collection was notable for its white birds, which he had gathered from all over the world. Other rare white animals were in the museum, and his collection and his knowledge were at the service of naturalists from all parts of the country.

He was over eighty when he died, and the park had been a sanctuary so long that many kinds of wild and rare birds had been attracted there.

They grew tame in his kindly presence, and the Japanese deer with which he had stocked part of the park would feed out of his hand, though no animals are ordinarily more timid.

WHAT THE A.P.A. IS DOING

An International Clubhouse For London

One of the many cheering signs on the horizon of the future is the prospect that the All Peoples Association may one day possess a permanent international building and clubhouse.

Only a few days ago an information bureau and some new reading and writing-rooms for the use of members of the A.P.A. were opened at 99, Gower Street, London, and it is hoped that a series of receptions in honour of visitors from other countries may be soon arranged.

It is claimed that the present club-rooms make the first real international centre in London. The members of the A.P.A. mean to work with might, and main so that their dreams of a better and more adequate international club building may be realised.

THE FOSSILS COME HOME

Mislaid For Centuries

The professor went for a walk, first of all turning round the card in the porch so that callers should know that he was out.

When the professor got back he was faced with the word Out.

"What a pity!" he said, and sat down on the doorstep to await his return.

Such is the story they tell of a professor. All professors are notoriously absent-minded, and Oxford is full of professors. No wonder Oxford lost a world-famous collection of fossils for centuries, and then found it again, almost as Grandpa found his spectacles on his own forehead!

In 1699 Edward Lhuyd, the Celtic scholar and second keeper of the Old Ashmolean Museum, published his pioneer work on British fossils and geology. When he died his collection passed to Oxford. It was the first geological collection in the university, and it was world-famous. On these specimens Lhuyd had based his work.

Oxford mislaid it or forgot about it in dreaming of other things.

The other day a little oak chest of drawers turned up in Oriel College. It contained some natural history specimens, and it badly needed cleaning and repair. The college turned it over to Mr R. T. Gunther, Curator of the Lewis Evans Collection, which is housed in the Old Ashmolean. He discovered that this was part of the great Lhuyd collection.

After centuries of neglect the fossils have returned to honour and their old Ashmolean home.

UNUSUAL PRIZE-WINNER

The Bok Award For Philadelphia

The famous Philadelphia Award founded by Edward Bok as a sort of Nobel Prize for his city, to be awarded each year to the person who has done most "to advance the best interests of the community," has this year been given to the city's fund for the relief of the unemployed.

The board of the Philadelphia Forum, who decide on the recipient, found that this fund had done more than any one individual during the past difficult year to help the citizens to face hardship with courage and faith, and, feeling that this decision would meet with the full approval of the donor, they took this unusual step.

The award was made with the customary ceremony in the Academy of Music. The medal and scroll which accompanied the cheque for 10,000 dollars, the amount of the prize, were given into the custody of the Historical Society, which has put them on display.

PULL THE WALL DOWN A Good Idea From Oxford

"It is like coming up against a brick wall" is an expression we often hear. The feeling of blankness and frustration which is given to us by the sight of a large area of nothing but brick is known to everybody.

It is because of this that the excellent suggestion made lately by the Oxford Preservation Trust to the Radcliffe Infirmary Board will have an appeal for everyone.

The Trustees have requested that the high wall on the east of Watton Street should be pierced with a grille, and they have also asked the authorities of Magdalen College that an opening may be made in the forbidding-looking wall of the college vegetable garden.

We hope this good idea of breaking-up the dreariness of a large area of plain brick will lead to the piercing of high walls in all parts of the country.

KING COTTON'S REALM

Monarchs Must Advertise

King Cotton is to have a Pageant next week at Manchester. In these days even monarchs have to advertise.

All the Lancashire cotton towns are rallying to his support. There will be 12,000 performers to tell the tale of the industry which made King Cotton what he was and what he should be still.

One episode will make it clear that the thread of cotton was strong in the days of William the Conqueror. A Persian Market will hint at the beauty of this textile. A Lancashire market of a century ago will carry on the tale.

When all the episodes have been played, and the pioneers and the inventors who brought wealth to the spinners and work to the operatives have passed before the spectators in the Manchester Stadium, King Cotton will himself appear.

He will have a Court of 1000 ladies dressed in the smartest fabrics which the Lancashire mills can spin; and he will sit in a huge triumphal car, large enough to support his magnificence and his weight of twenty stone.

Some 800 children, dressed as cotton plants—not, we are glad to say, as the child workers of the 19th century—will drag the car into the arena.

All our good wishes go out to King Cotton in these days of his falling revenues, and we hope that what Manchester thinks of him today the rest of the world will think tomorrow.

SWEEPING THE COUNTRY

A Census of Brushes

The Brush Census is very interesting, for it shows that the consumption has greatly increased.

In 1930 British firms made 37,452,000 household brooms and brushes, valued at £1,210,000. In addition we imported an enormous number, and the total British consumption in 1930 came to 53,136,000.

These figures do not include toilet brushes, of which we made 16,164,000, in addition to importing so many more that our total consumption of all kinds in 1930 amounted to nearly 46,000,000.

Of toothbrushes we consumed nearly 24 millions, which speaks volumes for the popularity of teeth-cleaning.

Of painter's and decorator's brushes about 12 millions were produced in addition to a small importation.

Then there was a considerable production of artist's brushes and machine and other special kinds, mops, and so on.

Altogether, in 1930 the British brush and broom trade produced articles worth nearly £3,000,000. It is surprising to find that the working operatives in the trade numbered only 7448.

THE MAYORESS AND THE 10,000 CHILDREN

Mrs Leonard Newsome, the Mayoress of Blackpool, is doing a fine piece of work during her year of office.

She has made up her mind to pay a civic visit to 10,000 children in all the elementary schools of Blackpool, and she visits each classroom and speaks to each boy and girl individually.

When she visited the Thames Road Senior School the other day, where her sister is a teacher, she was given a great reception. A party tea had been prepared for her, with cakes and trifles made by the girls themselves.

Sir Cuthbert Grundy was one of the Mayoress's party. Officially he is chairman of the school managers, but to the children he is a benevolent uncle. He considers that their education is not complete without the C.N., and for some time past has been paying for several copies for these girls, each week.

Before her marriage the Mayoress was a teacher at a Blackpool school.

A RAILWAY WITHOUT A PASSENGER

New Rolling-Stock For an Underground Line

A London underground railway has just had its entire rolling-stock renewed.

It is not London's Underground which carries so many millions of passengers in the course of a year; this underground railway carries neither passenger nor driver. It belongs to the Post Office, and, running 70 feet below ground, carries bags of mail between Whitechapel in the East to Paddington in the West.

This railway began to operate four years ago, when the electrically-controlled cars were of a more or less experimental design. Experience gained in operating the railway has enabled a more efficient type of train to be produced, and the 90 old cars have been replaced by 50 new ones of an improved design. Not only has each new car twice the capacity of the old, but it weighs less and uses less current.

Each day 29,000 bags of mail are carried on this little-known underground railway, at a great saving of time over the old methods of van transport in London's crowded streets.

DOODLES

The Tale of an Old Sea Cat

In 1927 Doodles was born on the White Star liner Cedric, and until the vessel went to the shipbreakers' early this year the Cedric was her only home.

Doodles is a cat, and she refused to leave the ship when it left Liverpool on its last voyage; and at Inverkeithing in Fifeshire she followed the workmen about in pitiful fashion as her old home was being dismantled.

She was inconsolable.

Now Doodles has found a new home in a hotel at Bamford in Derbyshire, where she is recovering from the shock of losing her old floating home; and the White Star line has provided her with a dainty collar which tells the story of her association with the sea.

I am Doodles (says the inscription). I was born in 1927 on the White Star liner Cedric, in which I travelled over 360,000 miles.

The inscription is engraved on two small brass plates, fastened one on each side of a small white star on a background of red patent leather. At each end of the collar an enamel badge shows the name of the ship.

May Doodles, the old sea cat, have a long and honourable retirement.

A HEADMISTRESS LEARNS A LESSON

The Meanest of the Mean was the heading of a paragraph we printed lately, telling how a worshipper was robbed in a London church.

The headmistress of a Hampshire school now sends us another story of despicable meanness.

Every year about 20 children of a school near Romsey are taken for a history excursion. This year they went to Winchester, and during a history lesson in the cathedral they left their coats, dinner cases, and bags in a tidy row on the chairs in the nave.

Two hours were spent in the tower, and when they came down the headmistress discovered that her shopping bag (which she should never have left out of her sight) had been opened and her purse, with a considerable amount of money and the children's return tickets, had vanished.

Fortunately friends were at hand to lend money, but the outing was spoiled.

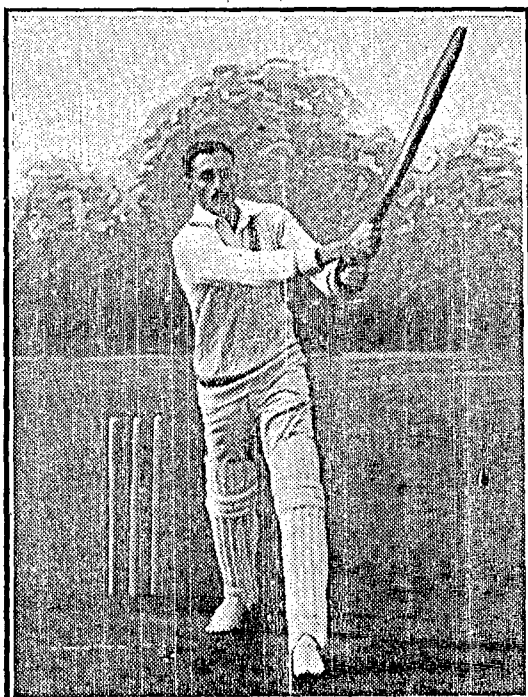
The headmistress herself learned a lesson that day which she will never forget, and we hope others will also learn from reading this paragraph that women should not leave their purses about in cathedrals—or anywhere.

June 25, 1932

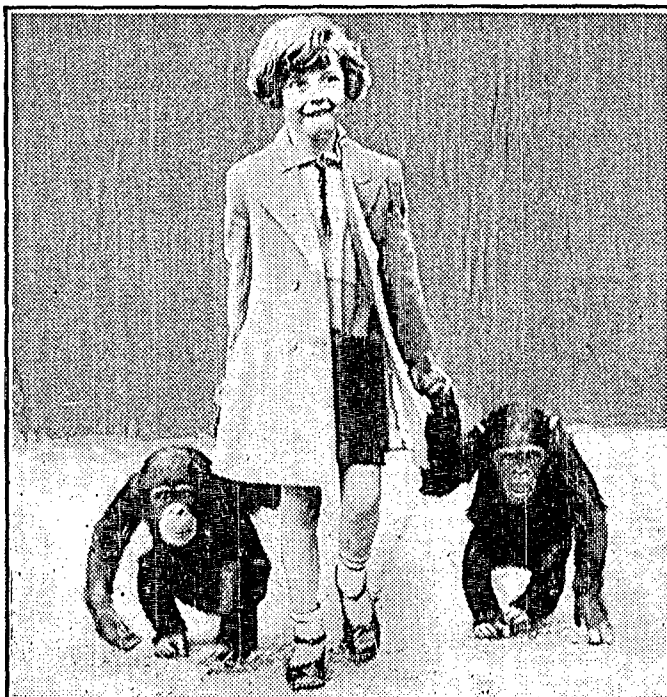
The Children's Newspaper

9

CRICKET AND TENNIS · SWIMMING LESSONS AT HOME · COACHING DAYS



The Run-Getter—The Test Match between England and India begins on Saturday at Lord's. Mr C. K. Nayudu, the outstanding Indian batsman, is seen at practice.



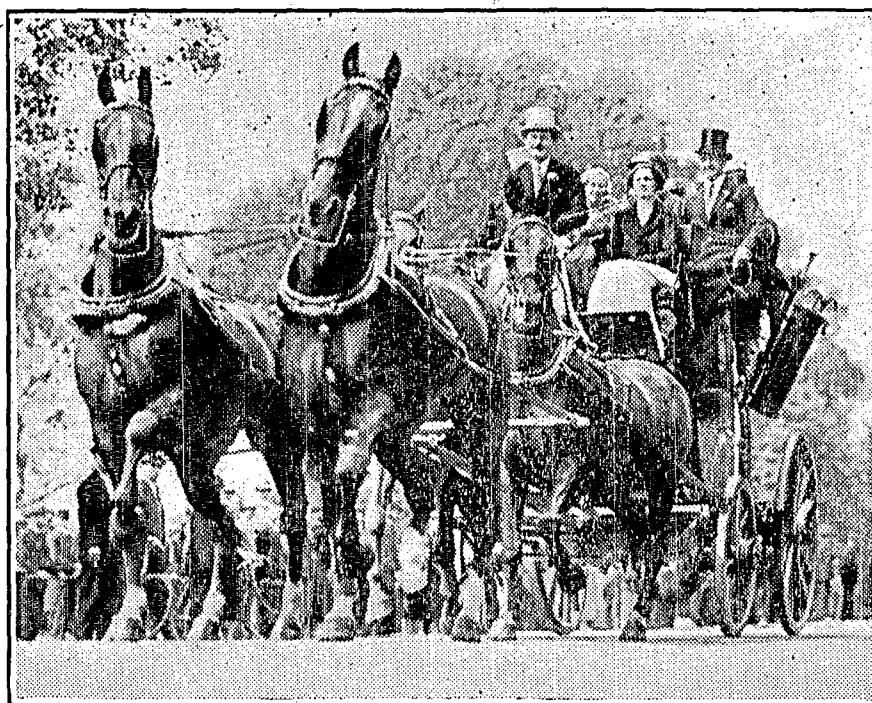
A Morning Walk—This little visitor to the London Zoo enjoyed taking the babies for a walk one morning. The babies are Peter and Fifi, two little chimpanzees that were born in a forest in Africa.



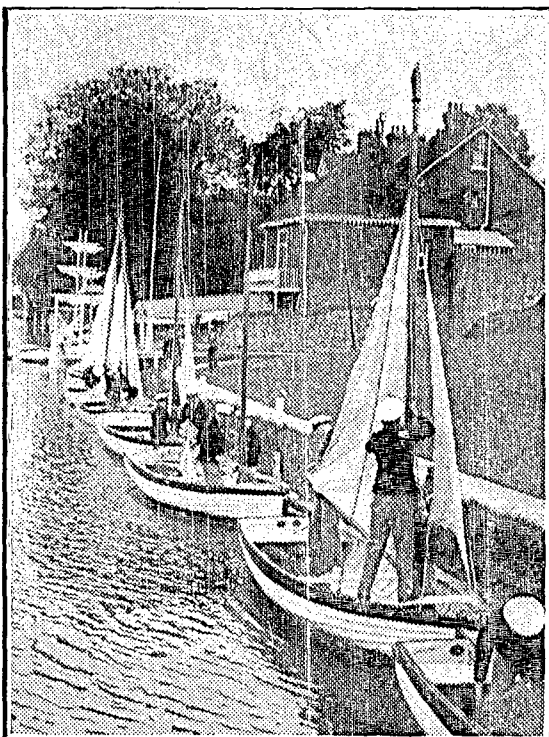
A Former Champion—All who are interested in tennis are looking toward Wimbledon. Mrs Wills-Moody, who did not defend her title in 1931, is playing this year.



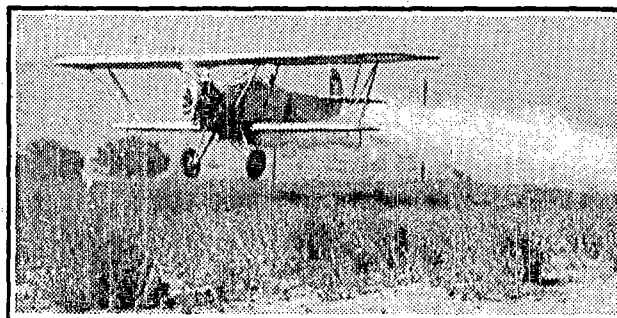
Garden Swimming Pool—This new collapsible pool makes bathing possible in almost any garden. Although there is very little room for swimming it makes an excellent bath in which children may receive their early lessons in safety.



Coaching Days Again—The picturesque four-in-hand has not passed out altogether, for there are many horse-lovers who take delight in this old form of transport. Our picture was taken at a meeting of the Coaching Club in Hyde Park.



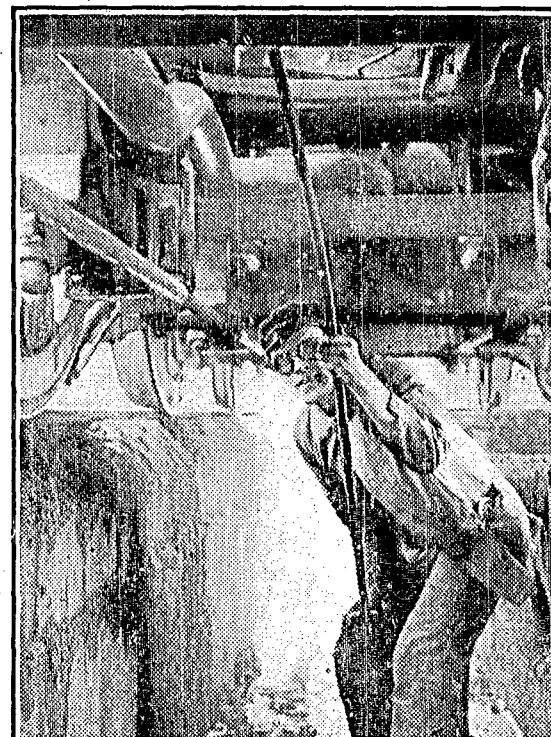
Sailors in the Making—Pupils of the Nautical College at Pangbourne on the Thames are here seen preparing their craft before having a sailing lesson on the river.



Fighting Pests—Planes flying low over the great fruit orchards of California as seen here dust the trees with chemicals which destroy the pests threatening the crops.



Cheerful Cripples—Here are some cheery little fellows enjoying a sun-bath at the Heritage Craft School at Chislehurst, where the Prince of Wales is to open a wonderful new building next month.



The Fire-Dropper—This man is at work beneath an engine in a shed at King's Cross. He is known as a fire-dropper, and his duty is to rake out the fires from locomotives.

ON NORFOLK ISLAND

WHERE LIFE IS LESS
WORRYINGC.N. Friends Talk It Over at
Luncheon

A WOMAN AND TEN PIGS

It is a truly astonishing world, and half its wonders will never be told.

Three good friends of the Editor of the C.N. have just been lunching at the other side of the world, and one of them has written to the Editor about some of the things they talked of. He is our old friend Mr George FitzPatrick, who has just been spending some time in the South Seas, most of it on Norfolk Island; and these are some of the things he said about what he had seen.

This island of Norfolk is on the top of a volcano and is only two miles wide. It is a wonderful place. Bananas, oranges, lemons, water-melons, rock-melons, passion-fruits and plums, and all kinds of tropical fruits grow wild and in abundance. You just scratch the ground and put the bananas in, and they grow.

No Unemployed ; No Dole

There is no divorce law—when you are married you are married for ever. There are about one thousand people and most of them are inter-married. The people who call themselves the Islanders are descended from the mutineers of the Bounty from Pitcairn Island. They think they own the island and resent the fact that Mainlanders, that is visitors, are allowed to buy the land from them. They think that even when they sell the land it should revert to them.

There is no unemployment and no dole. If you don't work you can't eat, and each inhabitant up to sixty has to serve 18 days on the roads. If he does not want to do the work himself he employs one of the natives. There is no telephone, or inland postal service; no telegrams. There is no electric light and there is no gas.

The people are simple, generous in the extreme, kindly in their courtesy. They are not too busy to say Good-day as they pass you. They are not too busy to even stop and chat with you.

One Big Family

The houses are never locked. The people walk into one another's homes by any door that is open. The trouble of one is the trouble of all. They are one big family, generous and grateful.

Today on another little island not far from Norfolk women are sold in the currency of pigs. I talked with a man who bartered pigs for women. He told me that four pigs bought an average woman; five pigs a very good woman.

I said to him: "What kind of a woman would you get for ten pigs?" He turned and looked me squarely in the eye and said: "Sir, no woman is worth ten pigs."

These people are without morals, but within their own cult are very strict indeed.

On Norfolk, however, British justice prevails, and many of the people are Seventh-Day Adventists. I suppose the island is the only place in the world where there is no member of the Roman Catholic priesthood.

A SHIP AND A DOG

An ocean liner stopped her engines in mid-ocean. A lifeboat, quickly manned, dropped to the water and sailors pulled toward a swimmer struggling in a choppy sea.

Twenty minutes later they reached Moby Dick, a police dog, wet and exhausted but still paddling valiantly.

Moby, who had fallen overboard from the liner City of New York, was beloved by everyone among the crew and passengers, and all hearts were lighter when the lifeboat returned with him safe and sound.

GERBAULT TO SAIL
AGAINThe Eternal Call of
the SeaHIS OLD VOYAGE OF 40,000
MILES

"What demon is it continually urging me to go to sea?" Alain Gerbault asks in his book.

Evidently he has felt the "call of the running tide" again, for we hear that Gerbault intends to set sail for the West Indies in his new yacht at the end of July, arriving there when the big October storms are over.

Before he leaves France he is looking forward to see his country defend the Davis Cup (the lawn tennis trophy for the international team championship) in the Challenge Round on July 29, 30, and 31. No doubt the occasion will remind him of another challenge round three years earlier. Then, just returned from his world voyage, he arrived in Paris in time to watch his friends Jean Borotra and Henri Cochet playing against the Americans, Van Ryn and Allison. The crowd rose to their feet to salute the courageous little sailor as he slipped quietly into the committee box of the Stade Roland Garros. Borotra, catching sight of him, scrambled nimbly up a parapet to greet his compatriot.

A Sailor's Promise

"You must not be sad, for one day I shall come back," was the message Alain Gerbault wirelessly to his best friend when he set out in the Firecrest eight years ago to sail round the world.

He kept his promise. First he piloted his yacht single-handed across the Atlantic in four and a half months. Then from New York he sailed through the Panama Canal and across the Pacific to Australia. From Australia he sailed to the Cape via the Indian Ocean and then homeward up through the Atlantic Ocean to Havre.

The whole cruise, from November 2, 1924, when he left New York, till July 25, 1929, when he reached Havre, covered more than 40,000 sea miles.

Next month Alain Gerbault, rewarded for his wonderful feat with the Legion of Honour, is to leave his native land again. The C.N. wishes him a safe return.

SAFETY IN FOG

The Airman's White Line and
the Sailor's Whistle

We are all familiar with the white traffic lines on the roads. Now the airman is to have his white line for safety.

A new wireless beacon is to be installed at Croydon which will send out signals that can be seen on a black dial in the pilot's cockpit. If the machine is flying in fog and the aerodrome cannot be seen the beacon will guide it safely home.

The airman's compass will set him on the course to Croydon, and when he comes within range of the beacon's signals two white lines will appear on the black dial. If he is flying on a true course the two lines will be of equal length, but any deviation will cause one or the other to decrease or increase. Thus the pilot will be able to correct his error.

An interesting apparatus to help boats in fog has been developed in America by a General Electric engineer. It is known as the sonic locator, and consists of three megaphones, which may be mounted on the pilot house of a boat.

One of the megaphones is used for sending out short blasts of a high-pitched whistle. The other two megaphones are receivers and they are fitted with filters. The time that elapses between the sending of a signal and the receipt of its echo indicates the distance of an obstacle, whether it is the shore, a boat, or even, it is claimed, a buoy.

THE TRIBUTE OF
A BIRDA Little Story of
W. H. Hudson's Funeral

THE SINGER OVER THE GRAVE

We believe this little story of the funeral of a great Nature lover has never been published before.

There is someone living near London who has made a study of birds all his life. Every precious moment is to him a time in which to discover more about birds, their songs and their ways.

Another habit of his has been, when he has come upon a rare specimen or lighted on any particularly interesting fact about a bird, to write to various keen bird-lovers on the subject, and for years before he died W. H. Hudson, the great naturalist and lover of birds, had been one of his correspondents.

He had never met Mr Hudson, but as a mark of respect he decided to go to his funeral.

He arrived at the churchyard before anyone else, and while waiting there on the grass beside some trees he heard in a branch quite close to the grave some unfamiliar bird singing. It was unusual for this bird-studier not to recognise a bird's song, and he was puzzled. Creeping very gently nearer the little singer he stared up at it. There, he said, singing its heart out to the blue skies, was one of our very rarest of English birds, and one which he had never seen before, a girl bunting. Its small but penetrating music rose and fell, piercing the stillness.

The watcher stood entranced, amazed. Why should the little bird have chosen that moment and that tree? How fraught with some lovely and mysterious meaning the tribute of that song seemed to be! And how interested Mr Hudson would have been to have seen his little friend!

Lord Grey, who has written so beautifully on his small companions, the birds, received a letter from the listener of that day, in which he told him the story, and Lord Grey answered with enthusiastic interest.

STILL POURING IN

The World Wants Disarmament

By Our League Correspondent

The flow of petitions and resolutions to the Disarmament Conference shows no sign of diminishing.

Not a day passes without some urgent appeal being made that no effort shall be spared to persuade the nations to lay down their arms.

Churches, societies, sisterhoods, guilds, women's institutes, adult schools, public meetings, large or small, all find their names printed in the daily Journal.

By far the largest number of these petitions are sent by England and Wales; and since many nations look to Great Britain for a lead we hope they also will make their voices heard.

The deputation of the International Bureau for the Protection of Animals, supported by 1400 societies throughout the world, pleaded that cruelty to animals and the cruelty of human beings engendered by war are very closely connected.

Mr Henderson, with great sympathy and tact, replied that, if he had rightly understood the speakers, they found a connection between the work of the Disarmament Conference and the work of their societies.

Because humane education and the diminution of unnecessary cruelty would soften the human instincts which made for war and thus increase the forces which made for peace;

Because war necessarily caused great suffering to animals and its prevention was therefore of interest to lovers of animals;

Because modern weapons, such as poison gas, were of such a character that animals could not be protected against them.

XERXES CALLING

A FIND AT PERSEPOLIS

Great King Whose Vast Hosts
Were Overthrown by the Greeks

THERMOPYLAE AND SALAMIS

A stone inscribed with a prayer to his god by Xerxes, the Great King of Persia, has recently been discovered at Persepolis.

An expedition from the Oriental Institute of Chicago, under the leadership of Dr Ernst Herzfeld, is at work excavating the royal palaces at Persepolis. There is an extensive group of these palaces, and it is in one of the smaller ones that the inscription has been found.

The inscription is 48 lines long and is in the old Persian language, the language the Greeks heard on the plain of Marathon.

Xerxes and His Father

The words of Xerxes have an impressive dignity; here is Dr Herzfeld's translation of some of them:

A great god is Ahuramazda, who created this earth, who created that heaven, who created man, who created peace for mankind, who made Xerxes king, one king of many, one lord over many. I am Xerxes, the great king, king of kings, king of the lands of many races, king of this earth, the great, the far-stretching one, son of King Darius.

When Darius was king he wrought many excellent things.

Speaks Xerxes the king: Darius also had other sons. As was the will of Ahuramazda, Darius my father after himself made myself the greatest. When my father Darius went away from the throne, by the grace of Ahuramazda, I became king. On the throne of my father when I was king I wrought many excellent things. What had been wrought by my father that also and other things I multiplied. And what I wrought and what my father wrought all that was wrought by Ahuramazda's grace.

Speaks Xerxes the king: Myself may Ahuramazda protect, and my empire, and what has been wrought by me, and what has been wrought by my father, that also may Ahuramazda protect.

Xerxes lives in history as the embodiment of tyrannical power overcome by man's will for freedom. To revenge the defeat of his father's army at Marathon he gathered together the greatest army the ancient world ever saw. Herodotus gives the number as over two and a half million fighting men.

The Victory For Freedom

He built a mile-long bridge of boats across the Hellespont, and when a storm swept it away he ordered 300 stripes to be inflicted on the unruly waves and built another bridge, a double one this time.

He collected 1000 ships of war with 3000 smaller vessels, and to save them from a stormy passage in the open sea cut a canal through Mount Athos.

Seven days and nights the Persian hosts poured over the Hellespont and then marched down into Greece, to be brought to a halt at Thermopylae by Leonidas and his 300 Spartans.

Xerxes arrived at last at an Athens deserted and silent, with only the noble buildings and magnificent statues on which to wreak his vengeance.

The Athenians had taken to their ships, and Xerxes commanded his great Armada to destroy them. He ordered a lofty throne to be erected on the shore and upon it he sat in state to see the great sea-fight. But that Battle of Salamis proved an overwhelming victory for Greece and freedom, and Xerxes hurried back home to his palace at Persepolis, leaving an army which met with as little success as his fleet.

To Mothers Everywhere

A celluloid toy may cost your child its life. Do not have it in your home.

June 25, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

II

VENUS AT HER NEAREST

YET OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE EARTH

Jupiter Retreating to Regions Far Beyond the Sun

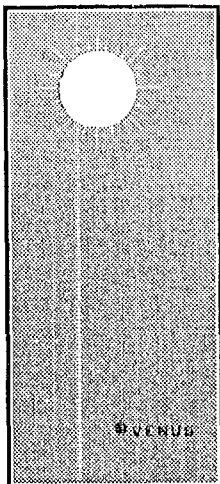
THE RETURN OF MARS

By the C.N. Astronomer

Though the beautiful world of Venus has passed from our sight she is nearer to us than ever. On Wednesday, June 29, she will be at her nearest, 27 million miles away. This makes her the least distant of all the celestial host except, of course, the Moon.

Yet we cannot see Venus because none of her illuminated hemisphere is visible, only the dark night side of her mysterious world being turned toward us; for Venus is almost between our world and the Sun.

On Wednesday next, when at her nearest, she will pass from left to right at almost six times the Sun's apparent width below him, and so we shall know exactly where she is. The picture indicates where she will be relative to the Sun at about midday, by which time she will begin to move away from the Sun toward the right.



The position of Venus (which is invisible) relative to the Sun on Wednesday next

Venus then begins to recede from the Earth, and soon will adorn the northeast sky as a glorious Morning Star. As such she will be seen in about a month's time; during August and September she will be as beautiful in the early morning as she has been in the evening.

Venus will then appear in the company of Mars, for this fascinating world is now coming into view in the early morning sky, and may be seen near the crescent Moon on Friday, July 1, Mars being about ten times the Moon's apparent width below her.

Between 3 and 4 o'clock should be the best time to seek Mars, before it gets too light, for at present, owing to his great distance, he is not very bright.

At present he is about 205 million miles away; but our world is getting a little nearer every day, slowly gaining on him, as it were, for the Earth travels faster than Mars, at about 18½ miles a second, whereas the average speed of Mars is 15 miles a second. As he is racing away from our world it will be a long time before the Earth catches him up and draws level with him. This will not be till the early part of next year.

Looking For Mars

Mars is just now of only second magnitude, not much brighter than the Pole Star appears; but he will then be as bright as Jupiter has been recently, and the most interesting object in the heavens.

Meanwhile, now that we know where he is, we may watch for our first glimpse of him. He becomes brighter as he gets nearer, and, as he rises about ten minutes earlier each week, will eventually be easier to find, particularly when Venus appears not far from him, in five weeks time.

Jupiter will also soon be leaving the evening sky, for he is passing to regions far beyond and behind the Sun. Jupiter is at present about 540 million miles away, which accounts for his much diminished lustre. On the evening of July 6 he will appear not far from the crescent Moon, about six times the Moon's apparent width below her. G. F. M.

A PASSER-BY

By Our Town Girl

The other day a passer-by in Oxford Street walked into Bumpus's.

Now Bumpus's is a bookshop, as everybody knows, and it is not only romantic, as bookshops are, but it does romantic things. It gives exhibitions and tea-parties; and people whose names are household words go there and stand up at the exhibition and say things both interesting and amusing.

The passer-by hardly meant to stay, but looked in as a slightly inquisitive stroller does, almost apathetically, standing with one foot only just inside the door. But Mr J. A. Spender was speaking, so the passer-by put two feet inside, and a little later it seemed a pity not to use one of the few spare chairs.

Why Newspapers Began

The talk was of newspapers, and round the room were displayed whole newspapers, or pages taken from newspapers, since first they appeared. That was the exhibition part; then there were the speeches, and then tea in a lovely book-lined room, and all given away for absolutely nothing at all except your humble presence.

Mr Spender said that one of man's instincts was to make comments on news, and that was why newspapers began. He also said that newspapers linked up the world, and that countries would be cut off from each other's trade and friendship without them. Journalism was a great engine, and let journalists use it for good.

Mr J. C. Squire, whose poetry we have all read with joy, did not behave at all as a poet. That is to say, he did not look dreamy and far away, or thrust his hands through long hair. He stood up and said witty things about the rather sensational newspaper posters displayed around the gallery, and he called newspapers sellers of calamities, catastrophes, disasters, and death. (He did not mention the C.N., which refuses to sell these things.)

The One Thing Missing

He said the kind of thing the C.N. has often said, that if Mr Baldwin had spent a particularly happy day no notice would be given of the fact in the press, but that if Mr Baldwin had hit Mrs Baldwin in public the press would have the greatest pleasure in publishing it abroad next day.

A member of the House of Lords who sends out all sorts of bad news gave as an excuse for this that news was news because of its unusualness; and then Lord Burnham made a smiling and apt little speech. And they all said many other things, and the passer-by passed by, carrying away a free duplicate copy of The Times of 1805 describing Trafalgar, after having had a very nice cup of tea and having made friends with a lady from Boston with whom plates of bread-and-butter and some remarks on life in general were exchanged.

But also the passer-by carried away a happy little memory of the best side of newspaper life and a vision of Mr Squire eating sandwiches in Bumpus's cheerful book-lined room, in which one thing only was missing. There was nobody to say Goodbye to or Thank You for the party.

GOLD IN CORNWALL

A Poor Man's Discovery

The Trustees of the British Museum have accepted the treasure trove found under a hedge bank at Towednack in Cornwall by a labourer, who will receive a considerable sum of money as a reward for his discovery.

The treasure, which was found a few months ago, consists of six bracelets and two torques (necklaces of twisted metal) made of pure gold, probably about 3000 years old.

Electrotype copies of the specimens will be offered to the museums of Truro and Penzance.

L. N. P.

Artists of All Nations Meet in Venice

A GREAT INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION

All the chief nations of the world, including Russia, are represented at the International Biennial Art Exhibition which is now being held at Venice. We hope that during the summer holidays Pioneers from many countries may have a chance of seeing this remarkable collection of painting and sculpture.

Delegates, artists, critics, and museum directors from many countries were drawn together for the opening ceremony, which was performed by the King and Queen of Italy. At the luncheon held on the exhibition island in the lagoon there was a babel of many languages as these people of all nations sat together talking the universal language of art. Between them there was a friendly understanding, and the exhibition is doing much to bring about better relations between the nations.

Paintings by Tribal Artists

It is good to know that the pavilion of Great Britain is attracting attention on account of the high level of the paintings by John, Steer, Sickert, and other artists, and the sculptures of Gill, Dobson, and Skeaping.

In the United States Building are some beautiful paintings by tribal artists, which have never before been seen in Europe.

All through the summer groups of children from Italian schools will visit the exhibition, and lectures are to be given to them on the trend of the art of today.

An African member writes to us from the Cameroons:

Through the reading of the C.N. at school I have walked my way to be a member and the same time introduce my friends to this godly league.

This is the kind of spirit which is helping on the work of world peace.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed: **L.N.P., 15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W. 1.**



The L.N.P. Badge

No L.N.P. letters to be sent to the C.N. office. Each application should enclose sixpence for card and badge, with your full name, age, birthday, and school.

WHO WAS HIPPARCHUS?

Born Nicaea, Asia Minor, and flourished between 160-125 B.C.

He was the founder of scientific astronomy and conducted his experiments with instruments falling short a hundredfold of the precision of those now in use, but his discoveries were of great importance. He catalogued a great number of stars, discovered the eccentricity of the solar orbit, some of the inequalities of the Moon's motion, the procession of the equinoxes, and did much in the application of astronomy to geography.

Hipparchus was a man of towering intellect, who, armed with the crudest implements, achieved results which, for centuries afterwards, were the basis of all scientific knowledge in the paths he had chosen to follow.

Trams are being abolished in Cannes.

Will anyone who can spare a trifle for holidays for South Wales children please send it to Lady Astor at 4, St James's Square, S.W.1.

Originally estimated at over a million pounds, the repairs to the outside of the Palace of Westminster are likely to cost only about £750,000.



No need for coaxing!

ONCE upon a time eleven o'clock was the signal for a horrid scene. Mary and Peter hated milk.

Then Mummy discovered "Ovaltine" and now they drink up every drop. What is more, delicious "Ovaltine" does them infinitely more good than plain milk.

Mary is rising seven and there is the sheen of perfect health in her golden curls and glowing cheeks. Yet for a long time she seemed to be outgrowing her strength and using up more energy than she could afford. Until she started to take "Ovaltine" . . .

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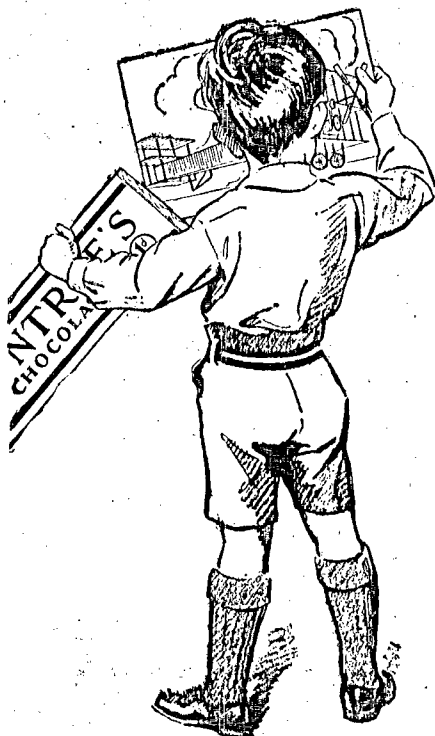
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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
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P 640

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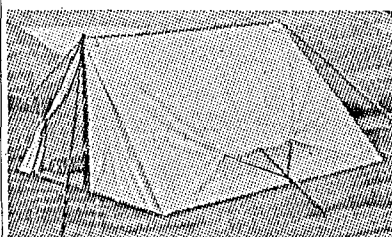
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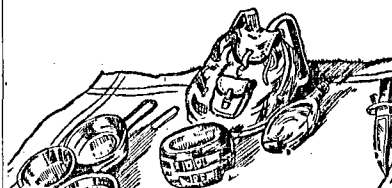
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ENGLAND'S OLDEST WINDMILL

A Discovery For
Cambridge

SOLD NEARLY 300 YEARS AGO

It is good to learn that the oldest windmill in England (a post windmill like those seen in early manuscript pictures) has been presented to the Cambridge Preservation Society.

It stands in a field at Bourn, a village twelve miles out of Cambridge, and was probably here in Shakespeare's time.

C.N. readers living in London can see a model of Bourn windmill in the Children's Gallery of the Science Museum at South Kensington. It was made by Mr. Rex Wailes, the well-known windmill authority.

A General's Find

Unhappily the man who worked hard to make the purchase of the windmill possible passed away last January. But before General Hendley died his patient research was rewarded by the discovery of a deed relating to the sale of the windmill in 1636. This find proved that Bourn windmill was 29 years older than Surrey's fine windmill at Outwood, hitherto thought to be the oldest in our land.

Bourn windmill was worked up to six years ago, when a storm damaged the sails. Now the great white arms are still; but the fine timbers inside the mill are wonderfully preserved, and there would be very little to do if its working days were ever renewed.

The miller helped the Cambridge Preservation Society with repairs, and he is always glad to show visitors over. The £45 needed to buy the windmill was raised by the exhibition of Epstein's Genesis in May Week last year.

A Novel Hostel?

An attractive pageant was arranged when the windmill was handed over to the Cambridge Preservation Society. A Don Quixote, mounted on horseback, attacked the mill but was driven back by Old English singers and fiddlers. After the dedication there were old folk-songs, led by Clive Carey.

Plans are now on foot to use the windmill as a Youth Hostel. Mr. Baldwin sent a message from the House of Commons expressing his pleasure that future generations would still enjoy England's oldest windmill.

Picture on page 3

ANOTHER STEP IN TELEVISION

Television is creeping along slowly, but such progress as it is making is very real and lasting.

It will not be very long now before the general public gets a chance of joining in the fun.

Already the time of sending a picture from Savoy Hill has been altered from midnight to 10.50, so that it is not necessary to wait up late if one wants to "look in." These broadcasts of television are being carried out on a wavelength of 261 metres.

What is perhaps of more interest is that the Baird Company and the B.B.C. are trying experiments to see whether the picture currents can be conveyed along the land telegraph lines to the North Regional Station at Slaitwaite. If that can be done the television pictures can be broadcast by wireless from Slaitwaite to the North of England, so that the whole country can "look in."

Seven boats recently arrived at the London docks with a hundred million Australian apples.

A pigeon alighted on a liner in Mid-Channel, and was taken to New York and back in the ship's flower house.

YOUNG AFRICA

The Latest Thing With It
FOOTBALL AND HYMN-SINGING

The latest thing among the young men of Central Africa is football. There are now, we are informed, regular teams in many of the villages.

The matches are often played on Sunday afternoons. The Kasembe village team goes through Mbereshi village on bicycles decorated with flags (mostly Belgian), drums preceding. They go through the village, across the river to Mwaba Mukupa, where there is a very fine team. It plays havoc with the mission Sunday Schools and Bible Classes: they all stream after the footballers. A missionary has lately written to the Chief about it, and the latter has said the matches must be on Saturday.

Black v White

The missionaries of the London Missionary Society were recently invited to a match in their village. The pavilion was decorated with flags and texts, one of them being "The Lord is my strength, of whom shall I be afraid?" The match was between Black and White—a lady missionary kicked off for the Whites and an African girl for the Blacks. These two had a little scrimmage of their own first, but apparently the lady missionary got in the kick first.

Before the game began the two teams stood solemnly and sang "The Son of God goes forth to war." At the end they stood and sang "The fight is o'er, the battle done." The referee shouted out encouraging texts during the game. It may sound a little profane to us, but there is no such thought in their mind. Their game is as much part of their religion as sitting in church is.

A Curious Game

The game lasts anything from three to five hours. The hospital orderly stands there, his medicines and bandages laid out in a most reassuring way. The teams spend at least ten minutes shaking hands all round. Some wear boots, some don't. They play in unbroken silence, but when a goal is scored they have a twenty-minutes interval for noises and rejoicing. If the opposing team is one you want to honour you let it score a goal, as a matter of courtesy.

The Mbereshi Football Team has invited the girls of the Livingstone Memorial School to go and play a netball match on their pitch and give a display of dancing. They have accepted; probably that match will also be begun and ended with hymns. See World Map

A GREAT WORK DONE

The gigantic Russian electrical works on the River Dnieper is nearing completion and part of the plant is at work.

The River Dnieper is a great and powerful waterway and the work of harnessing it for electric power presented a tremendous problem. Among other things it includes the largest dam in the world.

The first turbine of the Dnieper works went into operation in May. The river will yield four million horse-power a year, and it supplies power to the great Donetz coal-basin. The works are becoming the centre of one of the greatest industrial districts in the world. The work, it should be added, has been accomplished in only five years. The task was thought impossible, but it has been done.

A NEW CAREER

A firm which tests materials for making soles of boots and shoes employs girls to walk at least 12 miles a day in shoes provided with an apparatus to register the number of steps taken.

After walking 300 miles the shoes are examined and the material adopted or rejected. The walking-girls find it very fatiguing to keep up the required miles, and at the end of their 300 miles they are relieved by others who take their place.

June 25, 1932

The Children's Newspaper

13

THE SILVER BUTTON

Serial Story by
John Halden

CHAPTER 23

The Threat

THE terror that lurks in all dark and airless places under the ground had gripped Timothy. He scrambled back through the narrow tunnel in a panic lest the iron shutter at its other end should have closed. He was determined that should it be still open he would throw himself through it, and take his chance in what might await him in the room below.

To his immense relief that shutter was open, but the president was still there, standing with his back to the window talking to the silent inventor. Timothy drew back into the darkness, but kept a wary eye on the withdrawn shutter. If it should begin to move, however slightly, from its place in the brickwork he meant to throw his body between its edge and the further edge of the window.

"You understand the situation now, I hope," Number One was saying coldly. "We still have hopes that your son will arrive with the plans and in that case you will be allowed to leave with him. If he does not come, or if he attempts to trick us, you will still be given a chance to save yourself and him by making us a new copy of the plans. If you both remain stubborn"—the man threw out his hands—"we shall have no choice."

"What will you do with him?" It was the hopeless voice of the old inventor.

"He will disappear, finally and irrevocably," returned the president in a stern voice.

"And to me?" asked Mr Norton.

"We hope you will see reason. If you do not you also will be destroyed."

"How?" asked the inventor.

For answer the president went to a cupboard in the wall near the window. Timothy, shrinking back into the shadows, watched breathlessly. Number One unlocked the cupboard, and showed a row of tins standing on a shelf. Fuses protruded from the lids. He took one down, unscrewed the lid, and showed it to the inventor. "Examine the contents," he said.

Mr Norton picked up some of the powder which the tin contained and dropped it again with a shocked face.

"Do you mean to say you would—" he exclaimed.

"Ah! You recognise that powder, do you?" said the president, smiling. "I thought you would! Your guess is correct. You and your son would be locked in a room, and a long fuse lighted, in order to give the rest of us a chance to get away."

The inventor said nothing. Number One screwed the lid of the tin on again and replaced it in the cupboard, which he locked.

"I shall return for this when the time comes," he said. "Meanwhile I must go upstairs, for your son is expected there. It is time also for the shutter to be closed, for the last time."

Timothy, crouching to spring into the room the moment the shutter should begin to move, stopped suddenly, frozen by something he had seen. There was a couch at one side of the room, with a silken cover. That silken cover had moved slightly when Number One's back was turned to it, and from near the floor had peered out the face of his friend Jim!

The president's hand was on the door. In a moment he had passed through and there was the sound of heavy bolts being pulled on the other side. With that sound came another, a grinding sound of iron moving in a groove! Timothy hesitated no longer. With one spring he was through the aperture and on the floor of the room below. Behind him the iron shutter snapped to like angry jaws.

"Well, here I am!" said Timothy cheerfully to the inventor, who looked at him speechless.

"You are the boy who spoke to me through the aperture last night," said Mr Norton. "You have come at an anxious moment, my boy."

There was a movement from under the couch. Jim made an undignified appearance on the scene.

"I managed to slide in here earlier on when they brought food to Father," he said. "But the only result was that I was locked in too. Still it was better for us to be together."

"Good man!" said Timothy approvingly. "Now we are all together I wonder how much time we have."

"Not much, I should think," returned Jim. "It's long past time for the meeting. I'm supposed to be present myself there, you know, and if I don't they will come down here and take revenge on Father."

"Do you think they suspect that you are here?" asked Timothy.

"It's hard to tell how much they know," returned Jim despondently.

"We'll have to think out a plan," said Timothy, with a determined effort at cheerfulness. "We can't get out through that iron shutter—and if we could the door at the farther end of the tunnel is fastened up. There is no other way out of the room, I gather, except the door the president went through, and that's heavily barred on the other side: I heard the bolts being drawn. No hope that way."

"I've had nothing to do but search for a way out ever since I was first imprisoned here," put in Mr Norton. "I am certain there is no secret way, for I have tapped the walls carefully."

"What about that opening up there?" asked Timothy, pointing to a small grating near the ceiling. "A spy hole?"

"Merely a ventilator," said the scientist, shaking his head. "If there is a spy there no doubt he is hoping we will discuss the hiding-place of the plans."

Up in a room on the ground floor a man who was lying on his face peering through the dark grating smiled, and put his ear nearer to the grating, listening hopefully. But all he heard was, in Timothy's voice:

"There's no need for us to discuss the hiding-place, sir. You and Jim know where the plans are. I haven't been told, but I have an idea I can guess. It will be safest to keep still about those plans, I think."

The smile on the face of the man at the grating was replaced by a scowl. He gestured to another man and whispered something. The other man went out.

The three in the basement room remained silent for a time.

"Would you mind telling me what was in that tin—or bomb—the president showed you?" he asked, nodding toward the locked cupboard.

"High explosive," returned the scientist briefly. Timothy nodded.

"I thought so," he said. "They mean to blow us up, do they?"

CHAPTER 24

The Last Lap

THE unseen man, listening behind the grating, started as another leaned down to him in the darkness and whispered in his ear.

"What!" he whispered, sitting up from his place on the floor. "The police?"

The three in the basement room did not hear his whisper, but they noted a movement behind the grating.

"Something's up!" exclaimed Jim in a whisper, as hurried footsteps could be heard in the room above.

A moment later the heavy door of the basement room was thrown open, and a man, hooded and robed, wearing the black velvet mask which Timothy remembered, came in. He was carrying a bundle of black stuff in his hands.

"Strip and put these on," he said. "You are to report at once before the meeting."

"Strip?" cried Timothy indignantly. "I didn't have to strip before. I wore the disguise over my ordinary clothes."

"Orders are to strip—every one of you—and put on the robe and hood," returned the other in a peremptory tone. "Hurry up!"

Timothy, who had his own idea of where the plans were hidden, glanced at Jim. But to his surprise the boy was meekly pulling his shirt over his head in obedience to the orders.

"I must have been mistaken," thought Timothy, as he followed the other's example. "But if he hasn't the plans hidden on him where are they?"

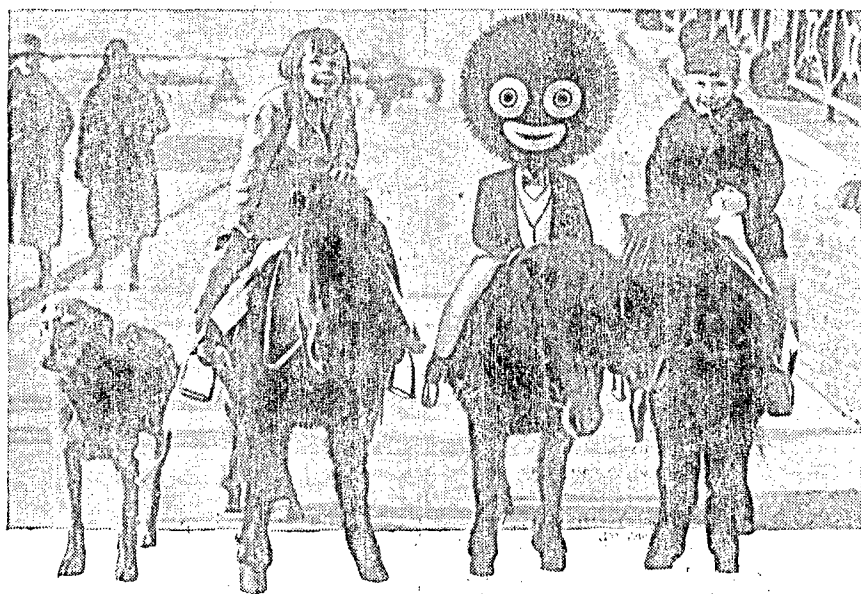
Jim and his father were already muffled up in the long, black robes and were pulling the black hoods over their heads. Timothy, now utterly at a loss, and feeling, somehow, more than ever helpless as the cold stones of the floor touched his bare feet, prepared to follow the other two through the door which their guide was unlocking. Three men, also disguised in the same way, entered the room and took up the three piles of discarded clothing.

Suddenly there was a shout from one of these men. Timothy, the last to go through the door into the corridor, turned.

"Come back here, all of you!" shouted a ferocious voice behind them. Timothy, Jim, and Mr Norton returned perforce to the room they had just left, pushed along by their captor, who had been joined by two other men wearing the same disguise.

Anyone looking into that basement room would have seen at that moment a strange sight. Nine figures, all exactly alike, except

Continued on the next page



"Why is Fido so sad?"

"Let me tell you," says the Jolly Golly

I think it is because he didn't get a share of our 'Golden Shred' for breakfast. Everybody loves the orange flavour of the pure orange juice marmalade. Mummy says 'Golden Shred' makes little boys and girls healthy . . .

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The July issue of My Magazine is now on sale everywhere. If you do not know this wonderful monthly buy a copy now. The variety of its contents will amaze you: there is something in it to interest every member of the family. Here are a few titles from the current issue.

The Greatest Mistake Ever Made

Must We Perish If the Sun Goes Out?

What the Gyroscope is Doing

The Great Steel Road to Ten Thousand Places

Sights of a Great City (New York)

A Queer and Famous Yorkshireman

There are many other articles, as well as stories, poems, and puzzles; and there are numerous pictures, some of them in colour. Make sure of your copy of My Magazine by buying it now.

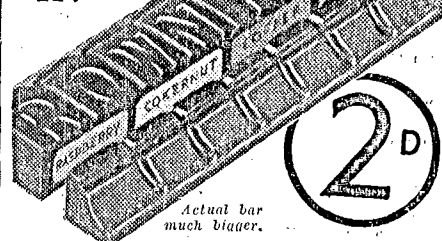
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July issue now on sale

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FOUR LOVELY CREAMS IN

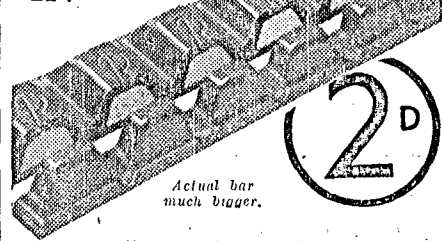


ROWNTREE'S

4-CENTRE TABLET

OR

SIX DIFFERENT HARD CENTRES IN



ROWNTREE'S

6-FLAVOUR BAR

FC226-17

that three of them wore no masks, were standing facing one another. All nine of them wore long, black robes reaching to the floor and muffling black hoods. There was no way of knowing at sight of them that three—the three who wore no masks—were shivering with cold because they wore nothing under the thin robes. But another three stood holding each a heap of clothes, and these three were wrangling over two pairs of shoes.

"I tell you that pair belonged to this heap!" cried one.

"Give them back. They were on this heap. They belonged to the old man," cried another.

Timothy, shifting his bare feet on the cold floor, was inclined to smile at the ferocity with which the masked men were fighting over some second-hand clothes. A word from one of the men enlightened him as to its seriousness, for them, at least.

"He said if there was so much as a handkerchief missing he would give us the same punishment as he gave Number Eight," whispered one of the men. "Look under the couch."

There was a cold touch against Timothy's bare foot. He turned to look at his friend Jim, and although Jim made no sign Timothy realised what that touch had meant. Jim was still wearing his thick-soled country boots!

It was impossible for Jim's shoes to remain hidden very long. After a little search one of the men thought of looking at the captives' feet—they were bidden to lift their long robes a little from the floor, and the shoes were disclosed. Despite Jim's protests they were wrenched from his feet and placed on top of one of the bundles of clothes. Then the little procession of black figures started again along the corridor.

"They took our clothes primarily to search them," thought Timothy, as he went with the others up several flights of stairs, "and also in order, if we prove stubborn to the end, to make what is left of us hard to identify. I wonder if there's any hope of the police coming? Still, who could give the alarm?"

Timothy's heart leaped as he remembered his young friend with the coal barrow. There was no time to think of possibilities now, however. They three were ushered

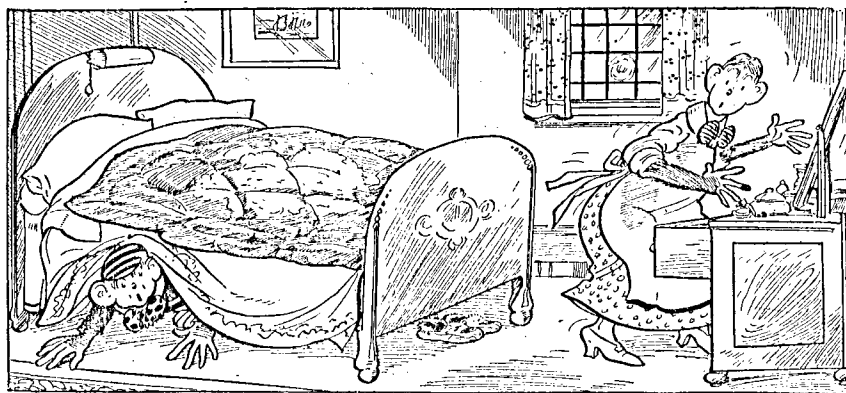
Continued in the last column

JACKO WORKS THE WIRELESS

MOTHER JACKO's hand trembled as she passed round the breakfast coffee. "The wretches have broken into Father Chimp's house again," she said. "And that's the second time this year!"

"Whew!" whistled Jacko.

"It's the old chap's sculling prizes that dazzle 'em," declared Adolphus. "Serve him right for sticking all those silver cups in the window."



An unexpected sound made her gasp

Father Jacko nodded. "I shouldn't worry, my dear," he said to his wife; "there's certainly nothing here to catch their eye."

"Coo!" muttered Jacko as he ran off. "The Mater has got the wind up!"

When he came back for his dinner, some hours later, there was an air of excitement about the house. Aunt Amelia was coming to tea.

Jacko made a face. She was no favourite of his.

"I expect she will want to hear how her lovely present is working," said his mother (for Aunt Amelia's Christmas present had been a portable wireless

set). "Mind you stay in, Jacko," she added; "I want you to get the foreign stations for us."

Jacko cheered up; it wasn't often he got such a chance. As soon as dinner was over he went into the parlour and banged the door. The wireless was working beautifully.

At four o'clock Mother Jacko hurried to her bedroom to tidy herself up.

An unexpected sound from under the bed made her gasp. She turned—and saw a hand come slowly out!

With a piercing yell she rushed out of the room. "Help!" she shrieked. "There's a burglar under the bed!"

Father Jacko caught up the poker and dashed upstairs:

"It's all right! It's only me!" piped a voice.

"Jacko!" gasped his mother. "What a fright you gave me! But whatever are you hiding for?"

Adolphus knew. "He's smashed the wireless," he said, coming out of the parlour. "Nuff said."

at last into a room near the top of the house. Here there was no oval table. The members of the society, unrecognisable in the black disguises, were sitting round the walls.

The three prisoners were made to stand before them, and their clothes were piled in three heaps near by.

"You have remained almost incredibly stubborn," said one of the disguised figures, whom Timothy knew both by his voice and by the embroidered Number One on his collar. "But we have a way to force you to obey our wishes..... For the last time," he added, "do you refuse to give up the plans?"

"My son and I refuse," returned the inventor steadily. "But before you take revenge on us I ask you to set our young friend here free. I can assure you that he knows nothing about the exact nature of the plans, and he does not know where they are hidden."

"He knows about our society," said the president, "and that is too much for any outsider to know. He must share your fate."

Number One gestured to a man at his left. "Search the clothes," he said.

The three watched while this was done. Nothing was found, although the seams were ripped up and every lining examined.

"Very well," said Number One. "Take them into the prepared room."

The three were led down a short flight of stairs and taken into a room in which a dim light burned. Here they were tied with ropes about their bodies to a heavy table, fastened to the floor. A man entered with a tin, in the lid of which was a short fuse. Timothy shuddered at the sight of it, for he had seen its like in the basement room, and had seen the inventor himself examine the high explosive it contained. This tin was set in the exact centre of the table, out of reach of the three bound figures.

Then, with a mocking farewell, Number One lighted the fuse and followed the others from the room, locking the door behind him.

"Father," said Jim, after a pause, "would you rather have the plans destroyed than given up to these men?"

"Yes, son," returned Mr Norton; "and us with them."

"Then that's all right," said Jim. "Only I'm sorry about Timothy."

TO BE CONCLUDED

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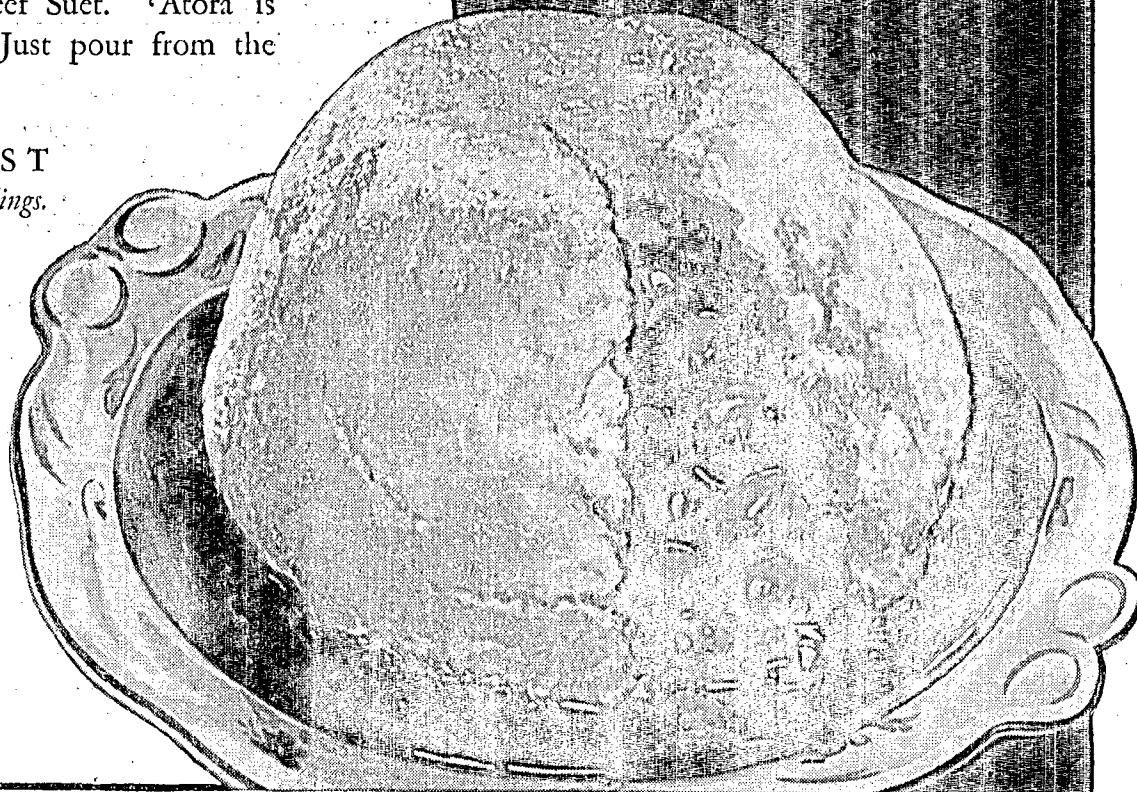
Mix the flour, baking powder and salt well together, add the Shredded "Atora," and mix, do *not* rub in. Add water to mix to a firm paste (about a small teacupful) and roll out. Sufficient for 4 to 6 persons. Steam $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours on slow fire or low gas jet.

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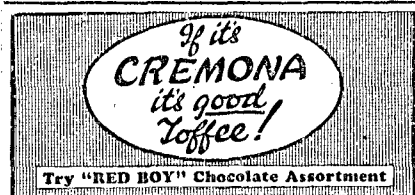
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Would you like 24 picture stamps with
which to start your collection? Of course
you would! Well, you can easily win a
packet of 24 stamps *as well as* one of the
10,000 (TEN THOUSAND!) Prizes of
Chocolate in such a simple competition.
You must not miss this BIG chance. Get
a Competition Entry Form from your sweet
shop to-day, or write for one to Children's
Competitions, Cadbury, Bournville.

KEEP THIS COUPON

COUPON

To enter for the competition you must send your attempt with
three wrappers from Cadbury's 1d. Bars, OR, 2 wrappers and this
Key Coupon. So keep this Coupon until you send your attempt.

All you have to do to get this fine Album is
to send 12 wrappers from 1d. Bars OR 4d. in
stamps to Album, Cadbury, Bournville.

These competitions apply to the United Kingdom only.

PRIZES FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS

1000 prizes for Mothers and Fathers. Full particulars in the Children's Competition Entry Form.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

June 25, 1932

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year (Canada 14s).

THE BRAN TUB

A Deal in Fruit

I BUY a certain number of oranges at 1d each, apples at 1½d each, and bananas at 3 for 2d, spending the same amount on each.

What is the least sum of money I can spend in this way?

Answer next week

Distilling Water

IT is occasionally necessary to add a little distilled water to wireless accumulators in order to make good the loss by evaporation. Our picture shows a good



way of obtaining a small quantity of distilled water. When the kettle has been boiled on a gas ring a spirit lamp will be sufficient to keep it steaming.

What's in a Name?

The Ostler. We meet this man often in stories of coaching days. He was the man who attended to the stabling and grooming of horses at the inn. Originally the ostler was the owner of the inn himself. Inns were often called hostels or hostleries, from which we get our word "hotel," and the innkeeper was mine host or the hostler.

A Charade

How pleasant 'tis to stroll along
O'er upland, vale, or lawn,
And listen to the joyous song
Of my first at early morn.
My second oft, too oft, is used
By hunters in the chase;
And always, too, is much abused
By riders in a race.
My whole is seen in summer-time
Amid the gay parterre,
And blossoms freely in our clime
If treated but with care.

Answer next week

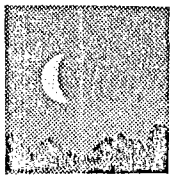
Ici On Parle Français



Le boxeur donne un coup de poing.
Le léopard fait bien des victimes.
La belle dentelle coûte fort cher.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Saturn is in the South and Mars in the East. In the evening Jupiter is in the West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 7 a.m. on Tuesday, June 28.



What Animal Is This?

IN the ground but not in the earth, In the fun but not in the mirth, In the stack but not in the pile, In the chain but not in the mile, In the stream but not in the brook, In the crow but not in the rook, In the fashion but not in the kind, My whole in America's south you'll find.

Answer next week

How We Grow

A BABY doubles its weight in the first six months of its life and quadruples it in the first three years. No one grows regularly, but in a series of spurts. The year of greatest growth in boys is usually the seventeenth, while in girls it is usually the fourteenth. Girls as a rule reach their full height at fifteen, but continue to increase in

weight until they are twenty. Most young men attain their full height at the age of twenty and, if in normal health, reach the height of their physical strength and fitness at about thirty.

The Turtle Dove

YOUNG turtle doves are now appearing.

The name of this bird has become a synonym for a gentle, loving disposition; but whatever virtues the turtle dove may possess it is a slovenly home-builder. So carelessly does it build its nest of twigs that the eggs, which are pure white and very shiny, may sometimes be seen through the bottom of the nest.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Bat and a Ball. Bat 25s, ball 8s 9d.

A Picture Puzzle. Telephone, SCOT, DOG, tRAM, grAPH—Photograph.

Caterpillar. Lapel, caller, placate, alert, crater, caper, tiller, plate, tale.

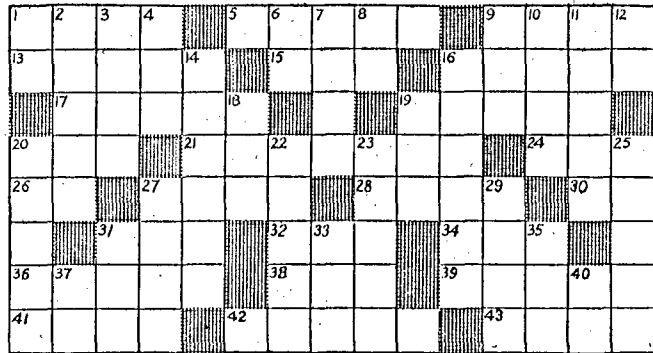
Transposition. Gander, danger, garden.

Two Words in One. Be-am.

Hare and Tortoise Problem. It was a dead heat. While the tortoise was doing the remaining quarter the hare did four times that distance—that is, the whole of the course.

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 51 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. Money. 5. Runs down to the sea. 9. A starting-post. 13. A bay window. 15. An end of a bootlace. 16. To purvey provisions. 17. A heron. 19. Flies from a bow. 20. Girl's name. 21. Short curtain round the frame of a bedstead. 24. Human beings. 26. Child's name for Mother. 27. A dell. 28. Minute particle of matter. 30. Royal Academician. 31. A friend. 32. Part of a circle. 34. Sawed portion of a tree trunk. 36. Sets out to sea. 38. A title. 39. In high spirits. 41. Sensible. 42. An insurgent. 43. Organs of vision.

Reading Down. 1. Company.* 2. A space set aside for contests. 3. A token. 4. Third person singular. 6. Pronoun. 7. Farewell. 8. For example.* 9. An obstruction. 10. As in 28 across. 11. One who stitches. 12. Symbol for our previous king. 14. Evens. 16. Descendant of early Spanish settler in Mexico. 18. Sunburn. 19. To pretend. 20. To collect into a heap. 22. A letting of land. 23. Mother-of-pearl. 25. Titles. 27. A low place between hills. 29. A tunneller. 31. A peg. 33. A bone springing from the vertebral column. 35. Merry. 37. Automobile Association.* 40. Note in the tonic sol-fa scale.

Dr MERRYMAN

Economy

BLACK: But I thought times were hard with you. How can you afford to allow your daughter music lessons?

White: Well, you see, she confines herself to the low notes.

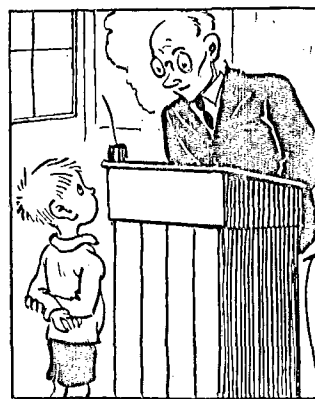
The Egg-Boiler

COOK stormed into the room.

"I'm leaving this house in just three minutes time," she said to the mistress.

"Very good," was the quiet reply. "Then please put the eggs on the gas stove and we'll have them cooked right for once."

Ned's Tables



You say you know some tables, Ned;

That's really very good!
Yes, sir (the newest pupil said),
They're always made of wood!

The Very Thing

THE builder's labourer was having a quiet rest.

"Why aren't you carrying those bricks?" demanded the foreman. "I'm not feeling very well," said the labourer, who could think of no better excuse. "I'm all a-tremble."

"Oh, are you?" returned the foreman. "Just get busy with that sand sieve, then."

Try Again, Johnny

TEACHER: Now, Johnny, tell me why the Sun never sets on the British Flag.

Johnny: Because it's taken in at night, sir.

He Did

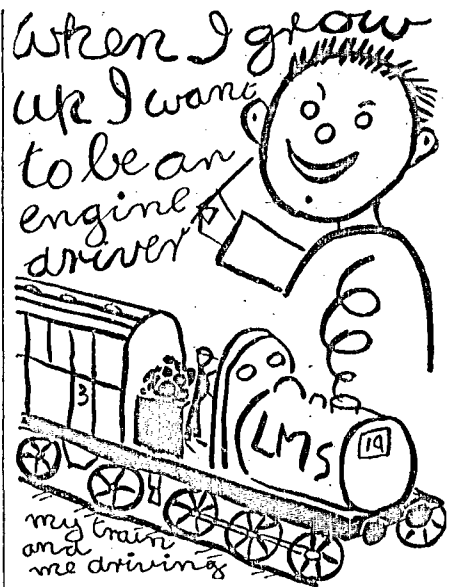
OLD BILL, a local character, was charged with throwing a pot of geraniums at Flowerbud the Florist.

"And why did you do this thing?" asked the magistrate.

"In answer to his advertisement, sir," replied Old Bill.

"Explain yourself," said the man of law.

"On his shop window it says 'Say it with flowers,' and I did."



Teacher told us to write an essay on "WHAT I WANT TO BE WHEN I GROW UP" and this is what I've written. (Original drawings also by ME.)

WHEN I GROW UP

I used to want to be a man in a grocer's shop because it is such fun smacking slabs of butter with a wooden spade. But I've changed my mind. I've wanted to be an engine driver ever since going to North Wales for my holiday last year. We went in an enormous London, Midland and Scottish Express from Euston and dashed through town and country. Faster and faster we went until I thought we should never be able to stop. But we did, and at the right station—Llandudno—too! It must be wonderful to be an engine driver and go about with a dirty face all day long.

I'd like to drive an engine to Llandudno. It's such a lovely place and is built on a great flat between the Little and Great Orme headlands. There is a lighthouse on the Great Orme's head and its lights can be seen 24 miles away! Mum and dad like scenery but I like sand and donkeys and concerts better. There's plenty of everything at Llandudno and good safe bathing. But it wasn't very safe for me because dad would keep trying to make me swim and then let go. He thought that was funny. There's a pier at Llandudno and a Pier Pavilion on it where we saw some

good concerts. We also went from the pier for some boat trips to Douglas in the Isle of Man and to Caernarvon. The Happy Valley just above the pier is a beautiful garden where they have pierrot troupes. They're good.

Dad was very anxious to see all the coast round about, so we all took a holiday contract ticket—dad paid for them, of course. Mine was only 5/- (half price) for a week, and we could travel anywhere at any time of the day with them, between Prestatyn, Llandudno and Holyhead. Dad raved about the beauty of the Welsh coast and soon knew all the bays and mountains and headlands, but I liked the castles best. There are heaps round here. Conway Castle has got an outside but no inside because it was taken away after the restoration of King Charles II.

We went everywhere and got about three times our moneyworth on our ticket. We went to Rhyl, Colwyn Bay which stretches for 5 miles, Penmaemawr, Llanfairfechan, Bangor, Holyhead, Bethesda and that very small place with a very long name—Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllan-dysiliogogoch (this is spelt alright—I've just looked it up). I think I must know everything about Wales except its language, but we never met anyone who didn't know English so that didn't matter.

Ask your daddy to take you to North Wales this year!

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

MR TROTTER was the village postman, a red-faced, stocky little man with stumpy legs. Dumps was Mr Trotter's dog, a woolly mongrel who padded round with his master twice each day to assist in the delivery of letters.

One gloomy, dismal afternoon Mr Trotter and Dumps had reached the end of the village and had safely delivered the letters at the Hall. The pair emerged from the drive, and Dumps was happily setting off homeward when Mr Trotter called him back, and held up one more postcard.

Dumps understood; it meant a long trudge up to Farby's cottage on the edge of the moors. Not many letters went to old Mrs Farby, and Dumps was inclined to

look on these extra journeys as unpaid overtime.

It was getting dark and an angry wind was spitting rain as Dumps and Mr Trotter set off up the rough track to Farby's. They took the short cut to the stepping-stones, but when they reached the crossing the stones were covered in a white flurry of flood-water. Dumps looked at his master, as much as to say, "Let's go home! It's only a postcard!" But Mr Trotter mumbled "Duty" into his whiskers and returned to the track.

Up they climbed in the dusk till they reached the little stone bridge over the torrent, and there a bad-tempered gust whisked round the hill and pounced on Mr

Trotter's hat. The postman grabbed, saved his hat, but lost hold of the postcard he was clutching. The wind swept the slip of card away with a shriek of delight. Mr Trotter yelled "Dumps!" and, pointing to the dancing bit of card, gave his dog a push and shouted "Fetch him!"

Off went Dumps, and Mr Trotter, holding his hat, watched postcard and dog disappearing into the gloom.

Mr Trotter waited and waited, very worried. Had he lost the card? Well, it wasn't important—but it was his job. Where was that dog? Dearie, dearie—

And Mr Trotter turned sadly home in the dark. He had just reached the village again when he felt a prod at

his legs. It was Dumps, and in his mouth the postcard.

Mr Trotter took it and patted the dog, who made for the rosy light of his master's cottage window. But this strange master turned away and set off once again for Farby's. Dumps thought "Mad!" as he wearily followed; and Mr Trotter thought "Duty."

So in the dark of a stormy night the card was delivered.

Mrs Farby was delighted with it because it read, "Many happy returns, Jim." Not much! But as Mrs Farby said to Mr Trotter, "He's been a good son, has Jim; he always remembers my birthday. Never forgets his duty, like some I could mention. Look at the state of this card!"

MRS FARBY'S POSTCARD

